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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

THE PRESIDENCY.

IF signs are to be trusted which are fast spreading exultation through the ranks of one political party and doubts and dismay through those of the other, the chances that Horatio Seymour will be the next President of the United States are steadily on the increase. Unforeseen circumstances may undoubtedly deflect or restrain the current of popular feeling, but its present direction is unmistakable. Eight state elections will be held, however, between this time and that of the great event in November, and from their results that of the Presidential contest will probably become quite evident. Of course, should the struggle be very close in Pennsylvania and Ohio the prognostication may be less trustworthy. But there are several states which a short time since were assigned to Grant and Colfax, which even Republicans now concede to be doubtful; and should this process of mutation continue, not even the vote of either the Keystone or the Buckeye state would alone necessarily be decisive in the Republican behalf. Thus, should its opponents lose Ohio and gain Pennsylvania, or *vice versa*, from calculations generally accepted at this time the Seymour ticket will carry the day. Suppose, for example, the following—which now appears sufficiently plausible—to show the final result:

Seymour.		Grant.	
Arkansas,	5	Alabama,	8
California,	5	Florida,	3
Connecticut,	6	Illinois,	16
Delaware,	3	Iowa,	8
Georgia,	9	Kansas,	3
Indiana,	13	Massachusetts,	12
Kentucky,	11	Michigan,	8
Louisiana,	7	Minnesota,	4
Maine,	7	Nebraska,	3
Maryland,	7	New Hampshire,	5
Missouri,	11	North Carolina,	9
Nevada,	3	Ohio,	24
New Jersey,	7	Rhode Island,	4
New York,	33	South Carolina,	6
Oregon,	3	Tennessee,	10
Pennsylvania,	26	Vermont,	5
Wisconsin,	8	West Virginia,	5
Total,	164	Total,	*133

If, on the contrary, the Republicans carry both Maine and Louisiana, or should they carry Indiana, the main result would still be unchanged. The state elections will probably to a considerable extent influence each other, the floating vote always running more or less with the prevalent tide, but as the succession happens to fall encouragement is likely to be pretty evenly distributed. Thus, the first state election—that of Vermont, Sept. 1—will of course be a Republican success. California, on the following day, will as certainly show a triumph for the Democrats. The Maine election, Sept. 14, will be much more interesting and significant because it cannot be counted as a foregone conclusion. The Republican majority of 27,600 in 1866 was reduced by 16,000 votes in 1867. If the process of reduction is still going on—and this Democratic leaders sanguinely hope and strenuously claim—the Republicans may find their last year's majority of 11,600 entirely dissipated in November. After the Maine election comes a month which will doubtless witness the hardest work of the canvass. The four states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa hold their elections on Oct. 13, the same day. Iowa will, without doubt, go for the Republican ticket, but Indiana is uncertain. Mr. Hendricks's strength is very great, but he has a majority to overcome—that of the last election of '66—of 14,000. On the other hand Mr. Lincoln's majority in '64 was 34,000, and it remains to be seen how far the reaction has proceeded here as well as elsewhere. As regards Ohio, opinions are naturally very much divided. The wish, in political matters so potentially father to the thought, produces decided convictions that are highly antagonistic. To the impartial observer it seems suggestive enough to perceive that the Republican majority of 60,000 in 1864 was less than 30,000 in '66, and had dwindled to 3,000 in '67. From present appearances the election in Pennsylvania will be closer than in any other state. As to New York, scarcely any but strong partisans

now question that she will go for the Democratic candidates by a heavy majority.

The violence and bitterness of the Radical leaders, their want of generosity in dealing with and speaking of the South, and their curious deficiency in tact and practical statesmanship, are mainly responsible for a sweeping reaction that many wise and patriotic thinkers find reason to regret. By identifying themselves with the cause of Universal Negro Suffrage, the Republican party have become pledged to stand or fall by a principle which it is clear the American people are not prepared to maintain. We have always believed, and in these columns have frequently expressed the belief, that this was the rock on which the Republican party would strike and shiver, and successive events have strengthened this persuasion. Whatever may be just or expedient for the future, there are at present too many voters in this country, not too few; and there are tens of thousands of intelligent men who thoroughly believe this, although they are not always quite as ready as they should be to avow their convictions. Justice to the blacks is a very good thing, but the nation is evidently not yet ready to assent either to the necessity or the policy of securing that justice at the cost of the liberty of the whites. The election last year in Ohio, the election we have just witnessed in Kentucky, indicate in the clearest manner the strength and determination of the popular will on this subject. A revolution is in progress which, all bloodless though it may be, promises to be resistless in extent and efficacy. The people are saying to the Radical extremists in language not to be misunderstood: "Thus far shall you go, but no further. Freedom for all bondmen we agree to and insist upon, but we will not agree to a precipitate and indiscriminate bestowal of the best cherished privilege of American freemen upon the most ignorant and degraded of the community. We demand that you pause here until a decent space be given to preparation, and until the deliberate sense of the whole community shall have been thoroughly tested and fairly expressed."

Hypocrisy always sooner or later begets bitterness, and there cannot be a doubt that, however honest and admirable the motives of many Republicans, there have been some among their most conspicuous leaders and spokesmen who have thought more of reinforcing and perpetuating the power of their party than of assuring the welfare of the negroes. Against this class of men, whether politicians or journalists, there has grown up in the last year or two an intense popular hostility which has led to not a little violence of expression, and which threatens greatly to heighten the asperity of the Presidential contest. If, as is now claimed, the blacks in considerable numbers should vote the Democratic ticket, the sincerity of a certain class of Republican politicians will be put to a crucial test. On the other hand, the candor of opponents of negro suffrage, who, like *The Round Table*, have disclaimed partisan animus as influencing their opposition, will be tried in a corresponding way. To this, it may be added, we have not the smallest possible objection. We should disbelieve in and protest against present Universal Negro Suffrage just as unreservedly did every colored man in the South vote the Democratic ticket, as we have disbelieved and protested when it has been generally credited that the negro vote would be cast *en bloc* for the Republicans. We have no faith that good ends in public, any more than in private, affairs can be attained through illogical, passionate, and wrongful means; and we shall be much mistaken if the sturdy common sense of the people does not show in the coming election that they cherish a similar incredulity.

THE TRIAL OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

MR. MOTLEY, in his letter declining a complimentary dinner in Boston, alluding to the great events that have transpired during his absence from the country, says: "Democracy has been upon its trial, and irrevocably has the American people vindicated the right and the capacity of the people to govern itself." The capacity of the people to maintain government by force, evidently, Mr. Motley; but the other problem is not as yet quite solved. The trial is not over. The contest still goes on. It is yet to be determined whether the government for which we fought is to be preserved. Among the most

thoughtful Americans there is a growing suspicion and fear that the government has been so radically changed during and since the war that pure republicanism cannot readily be restored, and that there is danger of a lapse toward lawless democracy, if not to anarchy or despotism. Whether there is occasion or not for these fears, there is manifest need to recall and restore the first principles of the government. If the republic is to live it must be by adherence to its organic law.

During the rebellion there were temptations to legislation "outside of the Constitution," and, under stress of the supposed necessity, such legislation was tolerated as a temporary evil. Three years of peace, but of increasing alienation of the sections, manifestly the result of extra-constitutional legislation, justified now by exigencies of party and not of country, have shown how perilous it is to permit one step aside from the fundamental law, even when that step is taken for the preservation of the nation's life. And the evil and peril are augmented by the fact that so many patriotic citizens fail to see whither we are drifting, or to realize how difficult it must be to turn back the current of the national life into legitimate and safe channels.

The perilous heresy of the day—the more perilous because it claims to be on the side of liberty and self-government—is that which sets the immediate decisions of the popular will above the Constitution, which virtually supersedes the great charter of our rights and safety by the varying opinions and passions of the moment—nay, makes the will of a minority, accidentally dominant, the supreme law. Logically, the rule of an oligarchy of demagogues is the next step, and by no means a distant or difficult one.

General Grant, in his letter accepting the nomination to the Presidency, said that an administrative officer should be left free to execute the will of the people, and that he himself has always respected that will and always shall. In a subsequent speech he said: "If elected, I shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people;" and Mr. Colfax has lately echoed and endorsed that sentiment, declaring it to be "as weighty and valuable as if it had filled many volumes of the works of Confucius." Neither of the candidates had anything to say about fidelity to the Constitution, or the limitation of the popular will by its provisions. As regards even the name of the Constitution, Grant and Colfax, like the party platform on which they stand, are silent. To do the present will of the people, without limit or qualification, is made the supreme law for the national executive; but, unfortunately, the course of these gentlemen since the close of the war does not aid us to any better interpretation of their words. The chief complaint against President Johnson is that he disregards the popular will, as expressed by Congress. An appeal to the Constitution in the case is treated with contempt, and party organs do not hesitate to scout the Constitution as in effect obsolete. How different all this is from the convictions and the spirit of those who framed the Constitution and organized the government does not need to be said. A single passage from Alexander Hamilton will reveal at a glance the extent of the departure from the faith of the fathers. In No. 70 of *The Federalist* he says:

"There are some who would be inclined to regard the servile pliancy of the executive to a prevailing current, either in the community or in the legislature, as its best recommendation. But such men entertain very crude notions, as well of the purposes for which government was instituted, as of the true means by which the public happiness may be promoted. When occasions present themselves in which the interests of the people are at variance with their inclinations, it is the duty of the persons whom they have appointed to be the guardians of those interests to withstand the temporary delusion, in order to give them time and opportunity for more cool and sedate reflection. . . . But, however inclined we might be to insist upon an unbounded compliance in the executive to the inclinations of the people, we can with no propriety contend for a like complaisance to the humors of the legislature. The latter may sometimes stand in opposition to the former; and at other times the people may be entirely neutral. In either supposition it is certainly desirable that the executive should be in a situation to dare to act his own opinion with vigor and decision."

The doctrine now is, that it is the sole duty of the President to execute the laws Congress has made, whether he deems them conformable to the Constitution or not. If Congress shall pass an act taking from the President the veto power, and declaring the passage of bills by a bare majority of both Houses final, the President must therefore abandon his constitutional right and execute the laws thus enacted, because, forsooth, Congress represents the popular will, and the popular will is supreme! What limit is there to the abuses that may shelter themselves under this new heresy? Congress might even go so far as to arrogate the power to elect a President, dispensing

* This table omits the states of Virginia, 10; Mississippi, 7; and Texas, 6.

altogether with the popular vote, upon the comprehensive claim that they represent the people. Or, a more probable case, suppose Butler to be successful in squatting a second time upon the Essex district in Massachusetts, and to be able to carry a majority of Congress for his greenback and bond-taxation schemes, what can the bondholders and the builders of the Chicago platform object when President Grant gives his sanction to these measures? Has he not pledged himself to obey the latest requirements of the popular will? Thus the perverted doctrine of popular sovereignty may return to plague its inventors, and the Republicans find themselves defeated in the chief thing for which they profess to stand in this presidential campaign.

But the great objection to this perversion of the democratic idea goes deeper. It subverts an essential principle of republican government, and a prime element of its safety. A written constitution is the necessary basis of a government like ours. The argument on this point, so familiar to all well-informed Americans, need not be repeated here. Yet it seems well to revive the recollection of the fact that this government is not that of a single state, but of a union of states; and that it exists, and can exist, only on the basis of the compact. To set aside this compact, or any part of it, at the demand of a majority, or a dominant minority, of the aggregate voters of the states, is in effect to subvert the government itself. It is because the general government, though supreme in its sphere, is strictly limited to that sphere, that it is provided that changes of the fundamental law shall be made only by the free consent of three-fourths of the states, and not by a numerical majority of the people of the whole Union. How utterly regardless of this fundamental idea the politicians of the time have become, is illustrated by the act of Congress making the admission of a new state conditional upon its approval of a pending amendment to the Constitution! It was a sufficiently gross usurpation to make the acceptance of this amendment the condition of the representation of the Southern States in Congress; but this offer to Colorado is still more monstrous. Congress needs to make but small "progress" in order to claim the right to remould the Constitution to suit itself, without so much as *demanding* the assent of the states or the people. And yet this bold defiance of the fundamental law scarcely provokes comment, so accustomed to abnormal legislation have we become.

The just limits of direct popular control of the government are defined without difficulty. The will of the people must be expressed through the methods prescribed in the Constitution. Its control must be limited by that fundamental law. If it seeks changes contrary to the provisions of that instrument, it must open the way to them by changes of the Constitution itself, in the manner prescribed. This is a vital part of the compact. This is our security against sudden and violent changes. Thus are the rights of each state, as a distinct, self-governing community, protected, and disunion and consolidation alike rendered impossible. Any other than the prescribed mode of determining the popular will must be partial and deceptive. Congress, in a certain sense, represents both the people and the states, but it may, in fact, represent a minority of the people in any special line of policy. Newspapers and public meetings but imperfectly interpret the popular will, for both are manipulated by those whose business it is to "manufacture public opinion." Congressmen and Presidents are indeed servants of the people, but in the sense of obligation to promote the welfare of the whole people—not to obey the behests of party. Under the false idea of popular control, which we combat, we are descending toward mere caucus government. A caucus majority has forced important measures through Congress, to which a majority of the members of that body were opposed. The worst enormities of the reconstruction bills were thus carried through, many Republican members voting against their declared convictions in order to maintain party unity, under the decrees of caucus. Is it extravagant to say that the government is in danger of degenerating to an oligarchy of demagogues? If we want pure and permanent republican government, we must restore and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution. This

way alone lie safety and peace for the nation. "Let us have peace."

We say these things in the interest of no party. They touch a matter pertaining to the welfare of the whole people, and there is manifest need that the people, without regard to party, demand a return to first principles in the action of the government.

LICENTIOUS JOURNALISM.

THE newspaper press of New York is passing through a phase that curiously illustrates and enforces a theory more than once broached in these columns. The theory is, that owing to a complicity of causes, the public mind has contracted the habit of associating dulness, in a literary sense, with respectability. It is tacitly accepted by the mass of readers that a highly respectable journal must perforce by irresistible necessity be a very dull one. We have shown in various articles how this strange prejudice has taken root and grown up into lusty strength among us, partly as a result of the Puritanic spirit, partly from the immense preponderance of reading people who are partially or imperfectly educated over the number who may be called thoroughly educated, and partly because of the chronic national habits of haste, impatience, and superficiality which tend to discourage or fail to reward thoroughly good things of almost any sort. There are probably some other causes which combine with these to produce the effect; but whatever they may be that effect is indisputable. If somebody remarks that such and such a paper is extremely "respectable," the immediate impression on the mind of nine out of ten auditors is that the journal in question must be incorrigibly stupid. We may go further and say that nine times out of ten this impression is a correct one. The general persuasion that a respectable paper legitimately *ought* to be very dull goes far toward creating the reality. Publishers naturally respond to public expectation by furnishing the article that is looked for. Prosy didacticism and rigid virtue have thus got to be regarded as convertible terms, and the pinnacle of moral excellence is by common consent assigned to the sheet or the writer that manages to be more wearisome and soporific than its fellows. Without pausing to discuss the rationale of this phenomenon, we easily perceive how natural it is that a converse or reactionary product should spring up to balance it, and how publishers, anxious for success, should deliberately aim at a reputation the reverse of respectable for the sake of gaining that credit for being "spicy," interesting, and systematically attractive which popular opinion has learned so readily to associate with the absence of a good name.

At first sight this view may seem exaggerated, but reflection will, we think, show that it is the prime secret of the avidity with which certain newspapers are now sought by the public to the injury of older journals, whose position has been gained in other ways and in other times, and which still seek to retain their hold upon public esteem by deliberate discussion of affairs and a general air of equitable sobriety. We have no means of arriving at precise figures, but presume that the sale of Mr. Pomeroy's paper—whose prospective characteristics were readily divined by the public from those of the sheet with which his name has been so enviably associated in the West—has in the first week of its publication far exceeded that of any other evening journal printed in New York. It is probably true that a strong reaction against Radicalism has eagerly manifested itself in the support of a journalist known to be one of its most daring and bitter opponents; but Republicans have bought *The Democrat* as well as others, and, on the whole, we should say that political considerations only partially account for its success. People have bought the paper for the most part because they expected to find it outrageously violent, personal, and abusive, and, although we feel bound to acknowledge that, so far as we may judge by most numbers that we have seen, this expectation has hardly been justified by the event, it is pretty certain that, in default of such characteristics, the opening circulation will be unlikely to be maintained. Now, it seems to us very important that the praise or the censure attaching to this state of things should be laid at the proper door; or, in other words, that they should be justly apportioned between

the public who encourage this particular species of journalism and the publishers who produce and profit by it. The relative situation is undoubtedly much like that of managers and audiences who bring out and patronize the *Black Crook* style of drama. The usual apology is that the people want a given sort of purulent entertainment, and that the caterers merely supply the demand. Similar apologies can be made for the keepers of dram-shops, with greater or less force according as they sell good liquor or bad. It is unfortunate and reprehensible that the public should have such tastes, and it is possibly true that, having them, the tastes will somehow or another be gratified. But this cannot for a moment be admitted to relieve from moral odium those who pander to base or unhealthy appetites or the consequent stigma with which they should be branded by all who have at heart the well-being of society. Nor is the pretence ostentatiously thrust forward by some artful purveyors of licentious literature, that they do what they do for a good end, to be permitted to shield them from just condemnation. It is very easy to attract attention, as we have lately seen, by printing minute descriptions of the lowest and most filthy haunts that disgrace our great cities, and to seek to avert censure by the plea that a reformatory object dictates the proceeding. The same excuse can be urged with equal propriety for books of the grossest type, novels that reek with accounts of brothels and the dens of thieves, and which are notorious provocatives to the viciousness they flimsily affect to deprecate. In point of fact, novels like *Jack Sheppard* are no worse for the morals of youth than sheets like *The New York Tribune* or *The La Crosse Democrat* for their manners. Each is in its way debasing and unwholesome, and each is alike unfit for the reading of respectable families.

The article published last Saturday by one of these papers, called *Lincoln in Hell*, is a fitting pendant to the article published a short time since by the other, called *Governor Seymour as a Liar*. Both are equally disgraceful, both have brought on their writers indelible infamy, and both should bring upon their respective journals the penalty of permanent exclusion from all respectable society. The names of Pomeroy and Greeley are thus henceforth necessarily linked together in the vile distinction of having done more to degrade the character of American journalism than any other two men of their generation. It is urged in their defence, as we have already hinted, that the public has stimulated their gross exhibitions by liberally encouraging these panders to the lowest of popular appetites—the taste for detraction, vulgarity, and slang. No doubt there is much truth in this. But the remedy is in the hands of those who have aided to develop the disease, and they will do well, so far as in them lies, forthwith to extenuate their responsibility. We are not ignorant that there are many who permit themselves to be tolerators, if not apologists, of these men on the drunken Helot principle, deeming that a healthful detergent may be found in their offensive example. It is to be feared, however, that this principle is untrustworthy for good; and that, like the loathsome accounts of bagnios with which the public has lately been favored by a certain magazine, it will spread and foster sin rather than prevent it. There is but one way by which the public can discountenance and crush out licentious journalism, and that is by persistently frowning upon and steadily refusing to purchase the sheets of these the most hardened and notorious offenders. Newspapers notoriously not written by gentlemen should not be read by gentlemen; and, whatever the measure of responsibility for licentious journalism enuring to either public or manufacturer, in such an abstention lies the sole and, in a free country, the only proper corrective.

ARISTOCRACY.

ASPIRATION is a universal instinct. Vines ever strive to lay hold of what will help them to climb. Forest oaks vie with each other which shall ascend highest into the light and air. The mineral aspires toward the vegetable, the vegetable toward the animal kingdom. From zoöphyte to man each type is, at its best, a "mute prophecy" of the one above it. Upward, upward, is an innate impulse of whatever lives. All being struggles to ascend, thereby to better itself, for every mounted degree is a gain of freedom, and freedom, the highest aim of life, is the gauge of ad-

vancement. The tree is freer than the rock, and the bird that builds in its boughs is freer than the tree, and man is freer than any other animal, and his freedom is in precise proportion to the degree that the animal in him is subordinated to the human; and among individual men, as among nations, elevation, relative and absolute, is in the ratio of freedom—the freest man approximating, while yet on the earth, to the emancipated condition of the angels.

In the political and the social spheres the mounting instinct is ever active. In this generation its activity is more lively than ever, because since our independence and the French Revolution there is in Christendom more freedom of movement than at any previous stage of history. *La carrière ouverte aux talents* is not a windy boast of the French Revolution; it is a transforming, vivifying reality, whereby France, as a state, has been for thirty years much more of an aristocracy than she ever was before; that is, in her political administration she has had more of her stronger and abler men than she had under the kings and nobles who for centuries were her sole governors. Hereditary governors, one or many, are pseudo-aristocrats. Nature says to man: Choose ye for rulers the best I furnish, but do not dare encroach on my large function by aiming to confine the virtues and faculties of rulership to a few families. This is with man's shallow law to try to overrule the deep laws of nature. Disastrous are all such attempts; for not only does Nature, in her breadth and justice, discountenance such monopoly, but in maturing her best specimens she exhausts the particular stock, so that the descendants of a great man are mostly like the parings and fragments of a feast, the potency of nature culminating in the one glorious product, the juices of the stock whence she drew it being by so deep a draught exhausted. Hence it is that the English "nobility" has been more of an aristocracy than the "noblesse" of France or that of other Continental nations. It has not been so counter to nature; it has not been a *caste*; it has sucked at the breast of the mighty multitude. Less pure in blood heraldically, its blood is richer, more prolific, essentially more aristocratic. Take from England her Wolseys, and Burleighs, and Bacons, and Cromwells, and Somerses, and Clives, and Nelsons, and Pitts, and Foxes, and Cannings, and Peels, all plebeians, and you unman her history. Had not the blood of her hereditary rulers been thus refreshed and invigorated, her De Veres, and Tudors, and Percys, and Nevilles, and Howards would not have been so powerful and so famous. It is the virtue of the English polity, or the English character, that under monarchic and oligarchic forms, high and highest places are kept open to the men fittest for regency, nature's aristocrats, drawn often from the lower strata of the social pile.

For its prosperous administration and endurance a republic has especial need of nature's aristocrats, of the best men engendered in its bosom. For a republic stands and thrives on self-government, and self-government can only draw its breath of life from character. Among the citizens of a large modern republic, if it is to last, there must be prevalent that union of good intentions with intelligence which results in common sense; and common sense demands of the members of a republic or democracy that in choosing the administrators of their public affairs they know who are the best citizens, and have the will to take them. Thus a republic, for its welfare, should be able not only to breed capable, honest men, nature's aristocrats, but, having bred them, be so alive to noble general interests as to put them into its high places. In a word, a republic, to thrive, should be a democratic aristocracy, which is the same as to say it should be ruled by its best heads. Elections should be wise selections. A man without faith in humanity, or one with vision bounded to self-seeking goals, or one constitutionally despondent, might readily despair of our republic on reviewing the men who, in the past decade or two, have made and administered laws at Washington. For a score of years we have been going from bad to worse; and unless we have reached the worst, unless by an inward motion (part instinctive, part conscious) we soon swing ourselves up out of the rapacious rankness, the mercenary filth, which from staining our garments is beginning to infect our pores with its poison; unless we delegate our vast sovereign power to better men, to larger men, to freer men, that is, to men less the slaves of self-seeking—unless, in short, we soon reverse our movement and ascend vigorously into a lighter, purer air, the tremors of the despondent and the faithless will shape themselves into the fears of the thoughtful and the hopeful, and these will have to look deeper than political forms

and principles for the means of keeping the higher interests of a great people from being sacrificed to the lower, and of counteracting the demoralizing influence of narrow egotisms and a general relaxing materialism.

History teaches that artificial, nominal aristocracies run to despotism or uphold it; and that whenever a state has thriven, under whatever form, monarchic, oligarchic, or republican, it has thriven through the agency of genuine aristocracy, that is, through having its best men at the political helm.

In the social sphere aspiration is still more lively and pertinacious. Here refinement furnishes the wings for ascent. In the long run those individuals and breeds most open to impressions of the beautiful, and thence most capable of culture, form the nucleus and are the stamina of social superiorities. From this class (when social conditions have some freedom of play) accretions are ever a-making to supply the losses incurred by forfeiture of inherited social position—f forfeiture through lack of sensibilities to value and retain a polish, through lack of manly bottom to maintain a gentlemanly conduct and carriage, of delicacy to appreciate beauties of bearing, subtleties of demeanor. A genuine social aristocracy—for, as in the political, so in the social sphere, there are assumptions, pretensions, audacious usurpations, and especially there are the oligarchic impudences of fashion to mar and weaken—but what is real and pure, what is truly aristocratic, what is the best, socially, is a projection beyond the limited self into a sphere of æsthetic association. "Good society," if it be not an arrogated name, not vulgarized by ostentatious ambitions, but if it be essentially good, is, like art, an issue out of the finer sensibilities. It is the flowering of the social tree, not a mere fragile ornament on the top, but gracefully embodying the essence of that which it surmounts, and carrying in its folds the seed for reproduction.

In an advanced civilization the desire for social preference vibrates through the whole frame of a people. The late Dr. Bowditch, the eminent mathematician, used to tell a story of a serving-maid who related how her engagement had been broken off through objections made by the friends of her lover to the position of herself and her family. "Why, Lucy," said the doctor, "I did not know that you had an aristocracy in your class." "Aristocracy!" rejoined Lucy, "we have more down there than you have up here." The masses, it has been said, have the sense of the ideal. Had they it not, there would be no great poets, for these are a subtle distillation out of the juices that give life and character to the mind of a people. The aristocracy "up here" owes much of its quality to the quality of the aristocracy "down there."

THE SEA-SHORE—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE first sentence in the opening article of *The Quarterly Review* for September, 1826, runs as follows: "If you ask a well-educated American, when he visits England, what objects in the mother country have impressed him most, he will answer, its cathedrals." Wealth, comforts, activity, enterprise, even the refinements and elegances of life, existed in America forty-two years ago as well as in England. They did not astonish the wandering Yankee in the home of his fathers any more than do British railways or iron-clads or telegraphs to-day. Big hotels, long streets, splendid shops are common to both countries. But in the United States there is no York Minster, no Westminster Abbey. Place the traveller in these, and he no longer thinks of the two countries as precisely alike. As our reviewer says, the *religio loci* makes itself felt. The past rises to contemplation instead of the future. Ancestral feeling takes the place of speculation that refers to posterity. The men who are gone, the deeds of which here are attesting monuments, assume a reality unthought of in their absence. Our traveller ceases to be a man of the New World, looking always before, and becomes a man of the Old World, gazing only behind.

The statement is an impressive and a beautiful one, and we have often seen it strikingly verified; yet it might justly be extended so as to take in other ancient and celebrated edifices beside cathedrals and even famous historical localities. There are thousands of mysterious associations which differ in different individuals, and which produce various degrees of effect on the mind when in presence of a particular structure or scene. For example, there may be more interesting, more remarkable, or more suggestive buildings in Great Britain than Holyrood or Battle Abbey; yet nowhere else was the present writer so deeply moved as when visiting them; by no other

objects in the island was the feeling of reverence for the venerable and historical in architecture, of appreciation for the grand and heroic and splendid achievements of other days, so profoundly excited. Such emotions are possibly more fresh and keen with the stranger of our common race than with most Englishmen themselves; perhaps for the same reason that the latter are usually more deeply impressed than Americans by the first view of Niagara. Of course this suggestion as to similarity of emotion is only meant to apply as regards the perception of novelty common to each case; both the kind and degree of sentiment evoked by even the most august and stupendous works of man having a manifest distinctness with religious natures from that which is inspired by the works of the Creator.

But if English cathedrals and the scenes of great historical events produce in the American breast more lofty and inspiring reflections on the difference between the land of his ancestors and that of his birth there are certain humbler things quite as novel and as unlike home to be seen in England which will remind him no less vividly that he is on the eastern shore of the Atlantic. Of these, to such an observer, none are more peculiar and representative than average English watering-places, of which we may accept as typical the two little ports of Ramsgate and Margate. An untravelled Englishman can scarcely conceive how thoroughly unlike they are to sea-side resorts in America. An untravelled American, knowing only, let us say, Cape May and Long Branch, would be able by no effort of imagination to picture to himself English retreats for the same purpose, and yet so oddly different. To realize this we need only contrast, in brief, some of the features of each. Ramsgate, for instance, is built for the most part on chalk cliffs high above the water; Long Branch on low bluffs and almost on the sea level. Ramsgate is built chiefly of brick and stone; Long Branch as exclusively of wood. Ramsgate consists of a great number of little houses; Long Branch of a few very big ones. Ramsgate is paved throughout and lighted with gas; Long Branch has such accommodations only in the long piazzas and corridors of its monster hotels. Ramsgate is full of shops; Long Branch proper has none. Ramsgate is greatly diversified in surface; Long Branch is on an even plain. In Ramsgate people live almost entirely in snug little lodgings; in Long Branch in enormous, fragile caravanserais. In Ramsgate people eat in private with their families; in Long Branch at the *table d'hôte* in company with everybody. Circulating libraries abound at Ramsgate, at Long Branch they are unknown. Ramsgate has two stone piers locking an artificial harbor and affording promenades respectively 2,000 and 1,500 feet long; Long Branch has neither piers nor harbor, and its visitors promenade only the beach and the aforesaid long piazzas. From Ramsgate you see France on a clear day; from Long Branch, in the purest atmosphere, only the broad Atlantic. From Ramsgate one drives to Reculver, to be reminded of the Romans and of Saxon kings; to Kingsgate to recall Charles the Second's landing, in 1683, and to see the remnants of the third Lord Holland's imitation of Tully's villa at Baia; to the North Foreland, with its light-house; to Canterbury, with its magnificent cathedral, its relics of St. Augustine's Monastery, and the noble gateway, restored by the son of the author of *Anastasis*; to Birchington, with its peal of bells; to Piermont, once the home of her present Majesty when a child. From Long Branch one drives to see nothing in particular, unless it be the ever-varying ocean and the chance wrecks tumbled upon the shores, or the "fast teams" of successful traders, opera-singers, and steamboat men, with occasionally a glimpse of General Grant, "Commodore" Vanderbilt, or some other saturnine notability fond of swift trotters and displaying his much-envied and much-advertised horseflesh on the dusty roads.

Nor do the points of diversity end here; for there are differences in the people as well as in their surroundings. Not so many as might be looked for in the dress and person of well-to-do visitors in either place. There are plenty of pretty girls with jaunty hats, and neat boots, and scanty skirts, and "suivez moi" curls; plenty of natty young men with slender legs, bob-tailed coats, priggish cravats, and short sticks; plenty of substantial-looking people of middle age and decorous mien; plenty of children with spades and knickerbockers and in perambulators; plenty of people with aquiline noses and curly black hair to be seen at Long Branch who might seem equally at home at Ramsgate. Indeed, except from the greater proportion of German and Spanish faces, and a lesser ratio of *embonpoint*, there are no very conspicuous marks of distinctiveness

in the sojourners at the former from those of the latter place. But with the residents it is quite otherwise; or rather at Long Branch we might say there are no residents at all. At Ramsgate there are the fishermen, the small shopkeepers, the letters of lodgings and donkeys, all classes distinguishable at a glance from the strangers within their gates who yield the season's harvest. Thus a variety is presented in the garb, bearing, and physiognomy of the passers-by which at Long Branch is utterly wanting. There not only the visitors, but nearly every soul—tavern-keepers, billiard-markers, ostlers, servants, and all—come for the season, and, with the exceptions perhaps of the two latter classes, there is nothing very characteristic in dress or manners to set apart the guests from their entertainers. Yet notwithstanding these and some other things not altogether agreeable to English taste, Long Branch is in its way a bright, gay, and exhilarating spot, and at the height of the season there are few, whatever their habits or prejudices, who would not find it healthful and amusing. The pure, invigorating salt air, the long, foam-tipped rollers thundering in from the open sea, the sunny skies, the laughing children, the flirting beauties, the racing vehicles, the evening balls or "hops," the excellent music, to say nothing of the yachting, bathing, and fishing, make up a lively catalogue of refreshment and diversion, while the table and wines of the hotels are fair and abundant enough to satisfy any reasonable desires, if judiciously selected. The opportunities, too, for studying the habits and characters of many individuals from an indoor point of view which are afforded in a great American hotel, are not without attraction to most loungers by the sea-side, and set off in a measure the less satisfactory details of that mode of life.

This said, let us be permitted in all candor to express our preference for the English plan of watering-place living—of which we have selected, as fair middle-class illustrations, the usages of Ramsgate and Margate—and to explain the reasons which persuade us that those usages might with advantage be adopted among ourselves. Long Branch is, to be sure, not the only place of the kind in America, and such resorts as Newport and Nahant have characteristics of their own; still, for the purpose in hand, Long Branch may be reckoned to be as typical of its meridian as the English places in question are of theirs, and thus to furnish data for convenient comparison. The superiority, then, of the English retreats is to be found in three important essentials—privacy, health, and economy—and if these are allowed to be the principal desiderata for which people go to the sea-side at all, we have only to prove that they are better attainable on British shores than American to make out our case. As regards privacy, to begin with, it seems plain that snug lodgings wherein an individual or a family may live through a season without contact with a soul save landladies and servants must bear the palm from a vast barrack, with its *table d'hôte*, where a regiment of strange faces must be encountered almost every day. The latter may be amusing enough for a short time, but to people accustomed to European life it soon becomes excessively irksome. With respect to health, the plain, wholesome living and few dishes of an English country town are certainly more conducive to it than the greasy abundance and stomach-trying variety of even the best of American sea-side hotels. In truth, the astonishing mixture of highly-spiced meats, indigestible pastry, ill-dressed vegetables, ices, confectionery, wines, and strong coffee which is consumed by both sexes at our hotel ordinaries, is proverbial for its bad effects upon the system, and it is only just to say that earnest remonstrances against such a dietary are constantly becoming more numerous in the columns of American journals and magazines. Habits once formed are, however, very difficult to overcome, and the pleasant vices of American tables are still profusely indulged in, even where their consequences are most frequently inveighed against and acknowledged. Finally, as regards economy, the mere fact of people living, as it were, *en evidence*, with all their daily customs in full view, has a direct tendency to foster extravagance which in many cases is highly injurious. It is true that at most American inns the price for subsistence and lodging is nominally the same for each person; but the temptation to indulge in costly wines and sumptuous attire is made very strong for the respective sexes by the forces of example and emulation, and thousands of families are yearly embarrassed by such expenditures, to which, with a different system of living, they would never feel called upon to submit. Hotel life, and especially hotel life by the sea-shore, thus leads numbers in America to subsist from hand to mouth, to lay by nothing for a rainy day, and, too often, to return to their homes from a summer jaunt

not only needlessly and foolishly worse off in pocket, but in health, than they legitimately should be; and bad habits are frequently formed on such occasions, and physical results attained the exact reverse of those that repose and change of air are theoretically sought to secure.

Having now and then taken the liberty of frankly expressing the opinion that some things are done better in America than in England, we hope to be heard with indulgence when saying that in the matter of watering-place life we could certainly profit by the parental example. The severity of what is here called the "heated term," at midsummer, renders a sojourn at the sea-shore almost a positive necessity. Life in town during the American dog-days is well-nigh insupportable, and yet there are families in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia who stifle amid bricks or brown-stone and mortar year after year without once snuffing the sea-breeze, from a dread of the inordinate cost which a due regard to their "position" would oblige them, in enjoying it, to incur. The sad farce of closing shutters and pretending to be out of town is even more common with us than in London, and chiefly for the want of places like Ramsgate and Margate, where the unhappy pretenders could honestly and comfortably betake themselves. We have no such spots. We have not even a Hastings, a St. Leonard's-on-Sea, or a Brighton; but in their places vast beaches lined with showy palaces a thousand feet long and two inches thick, wherein the great majority live unwholesomely and beyond their means, and from which they go sorrowfully home with empty pockets and anxious hearts as if from a funeral instead of from a feast.

Just as in our great cities flats, like those of Paris, Edinburgh, or the Italian towns, are grievously needed for the accommodation of refined people of limited means, so in our watering-places are required streets of tidy cottages on the English sea-side plan, where visitors can live as they please and for what they please, purvey if they choose for themselves, select their own society, and live, in a word, like rational beings by cutting their coat according to their cloth. In the United States, as in England, the very rich can be very comfortable. They can have their suites of private apartments at the great hotels, luxurious accommodations of every description, can be as secluded as they like, see and avoid what they will—in brief, enjoy very much the same things in the former country that money can buy them in the latter. But in the States, at least in the neighborhood of large cities, the classes of moderate means, professional people of small incomes, artists, students, the refined—and they are many—of the mercantile orders who are yet not in the category of "merchant princes"—all these are at a disadvantage as regards the union of comfort with economy, to which in England similar classes are subjected in a much less degree. Such people, indeed, can go to farm-houses "with all the attractions of plain country life," and to establishments where are taken "a few select boarders," advertisements of which are plenty in the newspapers during the season; but this means, with all allowance for occasional exceptions, vile cooking, bad beds, and enforced associations which may or may not be agreeable. It means anything, indeed, but the privilege of regulating your own living or your own company. Between the two extremes, the resources of the rich and the needy, the western shore of the Atlantic affords little in the way of happy medium. And here the advantage of the English custom is manifest, since the humble clerk, in the matters of choosing his dinner and his own company, is in England as independent as a duke; while in our republican country civilization is not yet prepared to allow any such vanity, unless it be redeemed and gilded by the longest kind of a purse.

Perhaps those readers who may think these comparisons invidious—especially such of our countrymen as have not seen Ramsgate and Margate—may be made more forgiving by the confession that there are other associations than the ancient historical ones heretofore referred to which endow those little towns with attractions in our eyes which are wanting in other resorts similar but more pretentious. They are rich, or at all events they used to be, in types and varieties of every-day English life, which to the writer were always highly interesting. Here, for the first time, we saw the quaint figures and heard the odd talk of which we had previously made second-hand acquaintance through the pens of Thackeray and Dickens, and, most of all, through the pencil of John Leach. Here on the breezy pier, with their skirts flying in the wind, and their sweet faces laughing in the sunshine, were the English girls whom *Punch* has made as well known on the Hudson as on

the Thames—in Broadway as in the Strand. Here were the queer old women who fancy themselves still young; the children's nurses with perambulators; the preposterously magniloquent footmen; the tetchy, gouty old fathers and uncles; the *enfant terrible* who worries them and gets between their legs; the innumerable yet unmistakable varieties of the cockney; the as unmistakable loungers from Leicester Square; the "City" men—easily picked out here, if not in America; the unappreciated actors and singers and novelists; the French *bonne*, with her charge; the "goblin child with the rat's-tail hair,"—all these and many more representative types were here to give spirit and color and picturesqueness to the scene, and to attest how truly English writers and draughtsmen can reproduce, even when satirizing, the many-sided life they see around them. The hoary cathedrals and abbeys and castles of the mother land may indeed impress the American more deeply than aught else he sees there, and his emotion may well be of a solemn and exalting character. In them he reads, as at a glance, the history of a sacred and illustrious past, in which, in common with those who dwell around them, he, too, may claim a share. But of the humbler scenes which impress at once by the novelty of their reality and the familiarity, through written description, of their occupants and customs, none, to such an observer, are more striking than the English watering-places, of which Ramsgate and Margate are characteristic examples.

OTHER PEOPLE'S SISTERS.

MOST women have by nature a special fitness for some particular one of the relations of women's life. Some, we had almost said, are born mothers; their foredoomed office is to bear children and then die of maternal worry. They never are themselves until they do have children, and the cares of rearing become a second nature to them—in fact, a sort of anxious dissipation, to which they are as desperately addicted as the person who officiates as father to the dear infants is addicted to his cigar or his cocktail. This sort of woman, of course, seldom shines as a girl. She is an ante-nuptial chrysalis, of the species of "quiet-nice-sensible" girls, who slides into matrimony before anybody dreams of it, and forthwith disappears from the world on her career of private populousness, never to be noteworthy again except for the concurrence of lamenting descendants at her funeral. Others—and oh! what glorious creatures they are, some of them—are utter, innate wives. These burst into full bloom on the wedding-day; that, and not the first christening, is the event of their lives. They require something adult for their devotion. At forty they can play the old-fashioned pieces and sing the cheery out-of-date tunes that their husbands love best. They educate their children as well as they can to please them and be like them, and the boy that is *so* like his papa they do love very dearly; but they would pitch the entire brood out of the window *seriatim* for their husbands' sakes without a murmur. Their whole vital and emotional machinery is of one-man power, and they certainly do make the one man happy enough for two—unnecessarily, undeservedly, excessively happy. Then we have those who are nothing all their lives but sisters; who forget their spouses' dinners to knit their brothers' socks, and ever consider that their father's and mother's children have a prior claim on them over every one, and that all the world beside takes them subject to a parental mortgage recorded on the register of the family Bible. Many are called, but only a select few chosen and predestined to be aunts. We seldom can foreknow these; we know that girls do eventually become aunts, but it is not in human nature to realize that aunts were ever girls. These pre-eminent aunts, however, undoubtedly must once have been such, but they discover no distinctive traits. The fact is, they are a shy class, known in their essence only to their individual nephews and nieces; to all others, nice helpful bodies, quite agreeable persons, or skinny old maids, as the case may be, and whom the philosopher has to triangulate, as it were, by a sort of psychologic geometry—given one side of them and a couple of their angles, he infers the rest.

Another very large class, increasing daily, is that of those young female entities whose forte lies in some future state,

"In the kingdom of Ponemah
In the land of the Hereafter."

who probably are cut out for angels, and are chiefly known by their singularly versatile and contented uselessness in all the various spheres of this life. But above these and beyond these, yet of them—human like them, indistinguishable from them by any one

over eight-and-twenty, yet differing from the rest of womanhood in a subtle glorious way, with a difference indescribable to the eye—as a bottle of eau-de-cologne differs from a bottle of water—there are those blest and blessing girls whom the Providence that created bachelors has foreordained to be distinctively Other People's Sisters.

To attempt to initiate any one in the world into the peculiar charm of this most lovely relation in life would be a deliberate and patent absurdity. It is one of those things like the bouquet of old claret, or spiritualism, or the Greek line of beauty, or Limburg cheese, or chiaro-oscuro, or Walt Whitman—perfectly simple and self-evident and splendid when you do understand the beauty of it, and utterly unintelligible when you don't. Perhaps the only generality that can safely be said of other people's sisters is that they are all natural darlings—darlings *par excellence*. If your image of any girl does not look its best dressed up as a darling, be sure she is not truly of them. One might think to fix them by their brothers. But, as it happens, other people's sisters do not imply brothers at all. They may have them—there is no reasonable objection, and it is not uncommon that they do—but they may just as well have none at all; it seems as though it ought to make a difference, but it does not. When the brothers chance to exist, they are mostly ordinary young fellows enough, toward whom we are apt to find ourselves growing just a little extra-civil; for which civility we berate ourselves in private as mercenary wretches and hypocrites. And so we are. We don't like them, and we can't like them. They are the most cold-blooded creatures in existence. They've no conception of the charms of home. They stalk about the world totally blind to the fact that there is an angel in the house. They wear slippers of the angel's making, and linen of the angel's supervision, without a thrill. They spurn with contumely the offer of the angel to tie their cravats. Nay, most horrible of all, the angel can, and does, put its arms around the necks of the brutes and kisses the apathetic monsters, and they mind it no more than—words fail at this last scene. Fellows who could stand unmoved by *that* must need a stroke of lightning to arouse them! But she, being an angel, loves them still; so for Titania's sake we try to endure Bottom, and are slightly over-civil as before. Only if we were they, what could budge us from the home fireside? what power would avail to take us to the theatre, or make us play billiards so, or carry us to waste our time with other girls that had not one-millionth part of the fascinating ways of our own sister? And they can't see this! Utterly past finding out, isn't it?

When young men we are, of course, almost all of us observant, and fond of studying human nature, and (as other people's sisters tell ours confidentially) remarkable readers of character. Thus we cannot but notice how peculiar a way other people's sisters have toward us, and what a winning way it would be if we were at all susceptible. It is very interesting (as a study)—very interesting indeed. Their little hands have such a strange shy way of coming out to meet ours when we call, as though they felt the fearful risk of being squeezed, and trusted themselves so gently to our excellent moral character. They are so sincere and sweet when, in the most unaccountable way, their dresses get under our feet and they tear a great hole in them in consequence. Our own sisters smile bitterly at such times, and make it warm for us afterwards for our "cubbishness," blandly explaining, as some one hands them a pin, that it's just like our usual elephantine grace; our mothers are instructiveness personified, and our grandmothers acidity itself. But these darlings pin up the rent like the rest, and smile such a sweet, merry, really indifferent smile that it almost throws us off our guard; but not quite, and we watch and watch, but in vain, for the reactionary frown or ill-humored shade, and it is wonderfully interesting (as a study) to discern that they really are sweet-tempered and amiable by so conclusive a test. Then there is nobody like them for a companion to the theatre or the opera. They are so appreciative, and so quick too. They laugh so when we point out that funny nose in the second row of the dress circle. They think the young lady with the light curls yonder is so lovely, and find us fearfully fastidious and hard to please when we don't think her lovely at all; and they are fairly puzzled out of their wits when we tell them, with a great heart-thump at our boldness, that there is only one lovely girl in the whole place. They are so enthusiastic over the music, and so busy with the programme during the ballet. They see the point of anything so much better when we repeat it to them, and laugh so heartily, and yet so modestly; they

appreciate everything, and yet find so much time to listen to us. They enjoy the play the second time so much more than when they saw it with Uncle Georgie. They take our arm so provokingly, with just three wee glove-fingers nestling on our coat-sleeves, and when we venture to scold them for it are so meek and so interested to know why we should want a young lady to lean on our arm—it must be very tiresome,—and when they do know the way we like best, keep on in their own way with such enchanting timidity. Then they have such delicacy of taste at Delmonico's. They never order anything solid nor heavy, and all our persuasions can't induce them to touch a glass of wine. They love ices and charlotte-russe, and adore pistachio cream and strawberries, and *meringue a la n'importe*, and they handle a silver spoon with such unconscious grace, and sip so exactly like bees on flowers, that we outline some verses on the spot, which are much admired in after years by the person to whom we may have dedicated them. And on the way home, if the night is fine, they so emphatically had just as lief walk as not, that we can't see any reason for denying ourselves the promenade home; and we do promenade home, and have compunctious pangs at the length of the walk; and they are so sure they are not in the least tired that we reassure ourselves. And we ring the bell reluctant, and the servant, who has been waiting up, responds with a horrible alacrity; and the little hands venture out once more, and the voices in that peculiar and winning way heap coils of undeserved gratitude upon our heads for such a pleasant evening; and we decline to come in, and are alone with the moonlight, thinking how superfluously beautiful the world is, and how interesting human nature is as a study. And like all true students we resolve to master it, even if we have to go to the theatre or opera again. And we find that we do have to go again, and we do for the most part master that particular branch of the very interesting study; and when we have, it is very, very apt to be a feature of the case that we end by concentrating on one bright particular personage our admiration for the whole class, and diminishing by one, income permitting, the number of other people's sisters.

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

VII.

THE PLAN OF SALVATION: THIRD VIEW—SUBSTITUTION AND REGENERATION.

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."—PAUL.

THE most common method of conceiving the atonement among strictly "orthodox" evangelical Christians is that suggested in the words, "Christ died for us." The key-word to this whole conception is the single word—"substitution." Christ is our "substitute." The word is not found in the Bible; but that matters little if the *thing* be there. And that this is the doctrine of Scripture will not be denied by evangelical Christians.

When man had sinned, had apostatized from GOD and incurred the fearful penalty due transgression, human reason could devise no way by which sin could be punished, divine justice satisfied, and at the same time the sinner be saved and divine mercy glorified. Socrates is said to have declared the problem insoluble, whether GOD could pardon sin, and if so, how; adding that if ever the truth is known in this matter both the fact and the method of restoration must be made known by GOD himself. It is obvious that GOD alone can fix the terms of pardon. It is not for the transgressor against any law to determine whether he shall be forgiven, nor in what way; GOD's way for restoring man was shadowed forth by the rites of ancient sacrifice. "The principle which lay at the foundation of the sacrifices was *substitution*; the victim suffered in place of the sinner. This is called *vicarious atonement*. Paul shows that all nations and all ages alike need the principle of vicarious atonement in their intercourse with GOD; and that GOD deals with them all upon this principle when He forgives their sins. He shows that the principle of substitution, or vicariousness, was set forth by the use of victims under the law for the purpose of preparing the world for the better understanding and higher appreciation of it in the offering up of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. But how is the death of Christ an atonement? And what propriety is there in it? How could His sufferings and death be an equivalent for the punishment of sin, or a substitution for perfect obedience to the law? How is

this consistent with the parental character of GOD? Do fathers deal with their children on such a principle? The doctrine is this: The sufferings and death of Christ are a substitution for the endless punishment of all who truly believe in Him. This is a simple proposition. All which is essential to salvation is as simple and plain as was the laying of the sinner's hand upon the head of the victim, and offering up the victim's life, which, by GOD's appointment, was instead of the punishment the sinner should have suffered. We cannot view the scriptural representations of the sufferings and death of Christ too literally; indeed, Jesus Christ is more literally and more fully a substitution for the sinner than a victim could ever be; so that instead of feeling jealous of ourselves lest we strain the emblem and push the type too far, we ought rather to fear lest we withhold somewhat from a perfect acceptance of Christ as, in all respects, dying for us. Let it be repeated, nothing can be more literally a substitution for another than the sufferings and death of Christ are for our punishment. Whosoever feels that he is a sinner and seeks forgiveness must confess that he is lost and ruined, and he must ask pardon on the ground of the Saviour's sufferings and death on his behalf. Doing this, he is fully and freely forgiven. The Lord Jesus Christ is supreme, undenied Deity in one of its incomprehensible distinctions, united with a perfect man—two natures in one Person; and this one Person made atonement by suffering the death of the cross. Very many things were contributory to this, such as His humbling Himself to be made flesh, His obedience, His sufferings; but His dying is the one essential act by which He atoned for sin.

"If such a Being goes to the cross for us, we feel that there is, in His view, an importance in our salvation warranting His interposition; if He interposes, we feel that an adequate provision is made for our necessities, and, moreover, that He is able to carry into effect His design on our behalf.

"We also feel that not only are our interests regarded and provided for, but, which we perceive to be more important, the divine character and the interests of the divine government are most fully considered. He is GOD, and will take care that the divine glory and all the interests of the universe are included when He acts in behalf of one portion of His creatures. If He has seen it wise and good thus to become our Saviour, it must be that He Himself will be honored by it, and therefore that it will promote the happiness and welfare of other beings; so that, forming a part of the great plan of divine government, we perceive that our salvation through this Divine Mediator, in union with the Father and the Blessed Spirit, is and must necessarily be a plan in which the Godhead is engaged, and, if so, man, the sinner, becomes an object of divine regard to a degree which exalts him to a condition far above that from which he fell."

This doctrine is not difficult to apprehend. We know clearly what a substitute is among soldiers. It is one who voluntarily assumes the place of the drafted man, binding himself to assume *his* position under the law. The substitute is bound both to suffer and to do all that would have been required of his principal if he had not become his substitute. So our Lord Jesus Christ, as our Substitute, bore for us the wrath of GOD under which we should have perished everlastingly. As our Substitute, He obeyed every precept of the law for us, thus delivering us from condemnation and entitling us to Heaven.

Moreover, by satisfying for us the claims of divine justice, He obtained for us the regeneration and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, by which we are enabled to become holy in heart and in life. The complement of the doctrine of substitution is regeneration or the "new birth," called also a "change of heart." This change is necessary in order that any man may see GOD. The individual thus changed, or "born again," is convinced of his utter ruin and condemnation as a sinner. He accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Substitute, and depends alone upon what He has done for acceptance with GOD. He trusts no longer in his own works, or his own feelings, but solely in the work of Christ for him. This change is wrought in him by the power of the Holy Spirit, in the use of his own faculties; is accompanied by a permanent change in his views and feelings toward GOD, indicated by that which the Saviour Himself designated as the distinguishing mark of conversion in Saul of Tarsus—"Behold, he prayeth!" Prayer becomes a natural and spontaneous expression of his feelings toward GOD, a relationship of father and child being now established between them. A new principle has taken possession of his nature, disallowing sin caus-

ing pain when it is committed, or afterward, in addition to the mere twinges or reproaches of conscience. The old nature is not annihilated, no new powers and faculties are implanted, but the taste, the bias of the soul, are on the side of holiness, and they gain the ascendancy by greater or less degrees. This change makes a man capable of things of which he was morally incapable before. Distaste of sin, love of holiness, both from a perception of their respective natures, and not merely with a view to their consequences, delight in God, the love of holy pleasures and pursuits, new governing motives and ends in life, are the fruits of this change.

But there is a constant resistance in the soul to this new principle. Life now is a conflict. Two streams tending opposite ways now frequently meet; before, the current of the soul ran one way. Hence, the stronger the resistance between the new nature and the old the more manifest is the proof that regeneration is asserting itself, though the subject of the conflict is ready to conclude that he can never have been renewed. With the mind he serves the law of God; with the flesh the law of sin; but the result on the whole is victory. To a weak, sinful, erring creature, who, at his best estate, is altogether vanity, the doctrine of regeneration is full of consolation and joy. GOD does a work in his soul when, by the mercy of GOD, the sinner is led to repentance, which will survive amid all the fluctuations of his experience, be a source of recovery and strength to him, a guarantee of final victory and salvation. This supernatural change in the soul translates it from the kingdom of darkness into that of GOD's dear Son. It makes its subject one of the sons of GOD, adopted into GOD's family, and enabling him to feel and act accordingly. This divinely implanted principle of holiness develops, under proper care and culture, until it pervades the whole nature, and the man becomes holy as GOD is holy.

But great care is necessary lest an erroneous conception of this matter also lead one to attempt to build up a sanctification by works even upon a theory of justification wholly of grace. The pious Romaine, and many another such an earnest, pious Christian, before and since, fell into this trap. When he was happily recovered, he thus described his error for the benefit of others who should come after. "I was made to believe," he says in a letter to Mrs. —; "I was made to believe that part of my title to salvation was to be—something called holiness in myself, which the grace of GOD was to help me to. And I was to get it by watchfulness, prayer, fasting, hearing, reading, sacraments, etc., so that after much and long attendance on those means, I might be able to look inward, and be pleased with my own improvement, finding I was grown in grace, a great deal holier, and more deserving of Heaven than I had been. To work I went. It was hard labor and sad bondage; but the hope of having something to glory in of my own kept up my spirits. I went on day after day, striving, agonizing, but still I found myself not a whit better. I thought this was the fault, or that; which being amended, I should certainly succeed; and therefore set out afresh, but still to the same place. No galley-slave worked harder, or to less purpose. Sometimes I was quite discouraged and ready to give all up; but the discovery of some supposed hindrance set me to work again. Then I would redouble my diligence and exert all my strength. Still I got no ground. This made me often wonder; and still more when I found, at last, that I was going backward. Methought I grew worse. I saw more sin in myself, instead of more holiness, which made my bondage very hard and my heart very heavy. The thing I wanted, the more I pursued it, flew further and further from me. Now and then a little light would break in and show me something of the glory of Jesus, but it was a glimpse only, gone in a moment. The old leaven of self-righteousness, new christened holiness, stuck close to me still, and made me a very dull scholar in the school of Christ. But I kept on, and as I was forced to give up one thing and another on which I had some dependence, I was left at last stripped of all, and neither had, nor could see where I could have, aught [on which] to rest my hopes." And this is always the issue with those who resort to "Mr. Legality" for relief from the burdens of the soul, whether they have no faith or little faith. And he that goes back from Calvary to Sinai will feel and fear the terrors of Sinai more even than those who have never yet been justified by faith. To saint and sinner alike, seeking rest of soul in the works of the law, comes the terrific warning in tones of thunder from the mount that burns with fire—

"This mountain is no resting place."

The pious Romaine's experience in early life made

him a fit adviser in after years to those who should be in similar need. His treatise on faith is still, as it has been for a hundred years, the best of helps of this kind to a happy and holy walk with GOD.

Nothing can better conclude this chapter than his words of warning against this "legal spirit," which indeed is almost inseparable from the partial view of GOD's salvation herein considered:

"There is a very strong bias and leaning in weak believers to a legal spirit, which ought to make them read over and over again the gospel promises (of complete salvation in Christ), that GOD may thereby encourage them to maintain the liberty which He hath given them in Christ Jesus; and to stand fast in it against the fresh attacks of the devil and of unbelief. They should always be jealous over themselves, and watchful against their enemies; because, after they have, in a truly gospel and evangelical way, through grace, got their legal spirit subdued, it will break out with more power than ever, and will be likely to bring them in bondage again to fear. And this I have known to happen after they had obtained some great victories over it, and, finding it not stir for some time, they flattered themselves they should have but little trouble with it any more. Thus they were drawn off their guard, which gave room for the legal spirit to exert itself again with vigor. This surprised the weak believers, put them upon reasoning and doubting whether all had been right with them before. And so at the very time when they should have taken the shield of faith and been making use of it, they were questioning whether they had any! This left them unarmed in the midst of their enemies, an easy prey to every temptation. But an invisible Power kept them safe, although they were not comfortable."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE EFFECT OF THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: While there have always been in this country two schools of interpretation taking opposite views of the Constitution of the United States, the strides that have been taken during the past two years and a half toward a national imperialism have far outrun the most extravagant of the tendencies to consolidation that have been exhibited by, or charged upon, any party or faction that has been known in our previous political history. It is impossible for any intelligent person to open the Constitution and consider the system of government which it embraces without perceiving the inroads that have been made upon the whole plan on which it was framed. What is to be the effect of these violent changes it is not difficult to foresee. In the Constitution as it stands in its normal condition—a condition fixed by the original instrument and by the amendments of 1789–91—there was a unity of purpose, founded in certain essential and practical requirements of constitutional liberty peculiar to the situation of the people of this country. Between the Constitution as it has lately been administered and tinkered to the temporary uses of a party, and the Constitution as we received it from those who framed and established it, there is no unity of design; and it will be found hereafter impossible to reconcile provisions that must certainly be regarded as repealed if the public liberties are to be preserved.

When the principle on which the states were to be represented in the lower house of Congress was settled in 1789, a rule was attained the object of which was to prevent an undue accumulation of power in any one or more sections of the country. The plan of representing the states in proportion to their wealth was discarded and the number of the population was taken as the rule. As a compromise of the question whether the slaves were to be regarded as persons or as property, it was decided to count them as persons, but to take only three-fifths of them into the enumeration. The same rule was adopted for the apportionment of direct taxation among the states, for the reason that the number of persons in a state is as fair an index of its ability to pay direct taxes as any that can be devised. This just and equal rule has, if the fourteenth amendment has in truth become a part of the Constitution—a question on which I propose to say something hereafter—been superseded by the introduction of a new element into the representative basis of the states, which can produce nothing but injustice and inequality, beside forcing the consideration of a subject which ought to be entirely beyond the influence of federal politics. The well known purpose of this amendment is to coerce the Southern States on the subject of negro suffrage. Its practical effect is this: that a state which has comparatively few colored inhabitants can deal with the question of negro suffrage as it pleases without being reached by the coercive power of this new rule, whereas a state that has a great number of adult male negroes must continue to accord to them the right of suffrage or submit to a large loss of its relative representation in Congress. In some of the Southern States the adult male negroes are at least a full half of the adult male population; and, according to the terms of the amendment, if they are denied the privilege of voting the representative basis of the state is to be reduced by the same proportion of one-half. In other states, of the North and the West, the number of adult male negroes is so small that if the suffrage is withheld from them the reduction of the basis of representation will not cause the loss of a single representative. But in order to exhibit the entire contrast between the scheme of the Constitution and the scheme of the amendment let us place the provisions of both side by side:

THE CONSTITUTION.

ART. I, SEC. 2. The House of Representatives . . . shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several states, and the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature. . . . Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers. . . .

ART. II, SEC. 1. Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors [of President] equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the Congress. . . . The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors and the day on which they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

ARTICLES IX, X, of the amendments of 1789. The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people.

THE 14TH AMENDMENT.

When the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a state or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State (being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States), or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in said state.

NOTE.—A previous part of the amendment declares all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, to be citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside.

Thus it is apparent that the Constitution, as we received it from those who established it, embraced the following schemes:

1. That the relative weight of the different states in the House of Representatives and in the electoral colleges shall be determined by the relative numbers of their inhabitants, without regard to the numbers of persons who may be allowed to exercise the right of primary suffrage.
2. That the United States, as a body politic, and the government of the United States, should have and exercise no control over the right of primary suffrage, in respect either to the choice of representatives in Congress or of presidential electors, and still less in regard to the choice of state officers.
3. That primary suffrage, either for federal or for state offices, is assumed to be a matter of qualification and regulation; not to be universal and natural, with respect to any class or description of persons; that the law which is to regulate the qualifications of primary electors is to be the local law of each state, and not a rule dictated by any federal authority; and that in respect to the choice of representatives in Congress that part of the local law shall be deemed to fix the qualifications of the electors which fixes them for the choice of the most numerous branch of the state legislature.

That by force of the positive provisions, and by the effect of the ninth and tenth amendments of 1789, the whole subject of suffrage, and its extent and qualifications, in respect to the choice of even federal officers, is removed from the jurisdiction and control of the United States as a body politic, and is recognized distinctly as a right of state jurisdiction.

The fourteenth amendment breaks down all the characteristic principles of the constitutional system. In the first place, that system is founded upon the recognition of a great fact: namely, that the situation of the different states in respect to the persons to whom it can properly extend the right of suffrage is so various that the ratio of such persons can furnish no suitable measure of the right of the state to be represented in Congress; and therefore the only remaining equitable rule is to regulate the representative basis exclusively by the whole number of the inhabitants. But the amendment breaks through all this, and forces into the rule an artificial and unequal provision, which makes the number of voters affect the representative basis. It might as well undertake to affect that basis by declaring that it shall be reduced in the same proportion in which the whole number of persons whom the state does not teach to read and write, or to whom it does not give a certain quantity of land, bears to the whole number of persons on whom it confers those privileges. When the whole number of inhabitants of a state is assumed as the rule for proportionate representation—and no other can be assumed, of equal operation, in such a political system as that of the United States in respect to any branch of the government in which each state is not to have precisely the same weight—the intrusion of any other collateral principle, for the purpose of bringing about a particular policy in a particular locality, can only work inequality and injustice. To affect the representative basis by such means is simply oppressive; for a state may be so situated as to have vast numbers of persons on whom it cannot and ought not to confer the right of suffrage, and at the same time the existence of such a population will compel it to bear the burden of direct taxation in the full proportion of its number of inhabitants, including those who do not and those who do vote, and consequently it is entitled to a proportionate voice in laying taxes and in all other matters of federal legislation.

In the second place, the amendment makes the United States, as a body politic, to dictate, and to a certain extent to control, on the subject of suffrage. The Constitution care-

fully eschews all such control. It does not mean even to prescribe a rule for the election of representatives in Congress and the appointment of presidential electors; for its framers knew well that no rule of primary suffrage which they could frame could be made to work harmoniously with the state institutions, and that to have a special body of primary electors for federal purposes, distinct from the primary electors of the state, whether larger or smaller, would be both mischievous and impracticable. But the amendment not only reverses this principle in respect to the choice of federal officers, but it even inflicts a certain penalty upon each state which does not allow every adult male citizen to vote in the choice of certain state officers.

In the third place, the amendment, contrary to the wise scheme of the Constitution, undertakes to discountenance and prevent all systems of qualification for the right of suffrage, and, so far as its power can go by means of the penalty provided, to make universal male suffrage, or the suffrage of all males, the prevailing rule in all the states. It does not say that unless all adult males are allowed to vote without any qualification of any kind the state shall not be represented at all in Congress, or have any voice in the choice of President; but in principle it might just as well say this as what it has said. It says that one-half or one-third of its representation and its electoral vote shall be cut off if it does not allow universal male suffrage. It not only says this, but it prohibits, as I read it, all qualification or regulation of any kind, under penalty of a proportionate reduction of its representative basis; for it says that if the right of suffrage is "in any way abridged" the state shall incur this penalty. A state cannot make any laws whatever, however equal or impartial, which do not provide for universal suffrage, although the consequence of universal suffrage may be to place and keep the intelligent and educated part of the population under the dominion of the uneducated and the ignorant, without losing its relative weight in the Union. Whether universal suffrage is a good or a bad thing, whether it ought to be the rule here or the rule there, it is certain that the Constitution of the United States was founded upon the principle that the United States, as a body politic, should exercise neither control nor influence of any kind in regard to it. That the system as it has now been transformed (if the amendment has been duly ratified) can work with any reasonable degree of harmony, is impossible. Universal negro suffrage cannot continue to exist in the Southern States. It will be abridged; or at all events there will be efforts to abridge it. The results to which it leads in respect to the situation of the races are so monstrous that there must be attempts to be rid of it. Yet there stands the fourteenth amendment, if it has been constitutionally made a part of our fundamental law, with its penalty in its front. It tears up by the roots the proportionate equality of the states; for although in terms it applies to all of them, in practical operation it bears very unequally. If it has duly become a part of the Constitution, it must be enforced. There are at least nine states that will be practically affected by the penalty, and that will sooner or later expose themselves to its application. They lie together and constitute a peculiar section of the Union. If they should succeed in establishing for themselves, by constitutional or legal provisions, some degree of qualifications of the right of suffrage, their representative bases will be reduced. The alternative, if they do not succeed in throwing off universal negro suffrage, will be that in most of them the domination of the blacks will be supreme. In view of these results, I propose in a future paper to consider the question whether this fourteenth amendment has become a valid part of the Constitution of the United States.

G. T. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I., August 19, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

ACADIAN GEOLOGY.*

THE appearance, after the lapse of thirteen years, of the needed second edition of Professor Dawson's *Acadian Geology* is assuredly a matter of no small interest. The first, published in 1855, had great influence in directing attention to the mineral resources of the region, with the result of contributing largely to the development of sources of material prosperity then hardly more than suspected, and of laying before the student of geology a large fund of scientific information. Professor Dawson brings to his task the knowledge gained in a geological experience extending over a quarter of a century, and the mature judgement resulting from so long and thorough familiarity with the subject. There is, perhaps, no geologist so well qualified to speak *ex cathedra*—none, certainly, whose opinions should be received with more respect. To the storehouse of information that his first edition represents the author's later studies enable him to add much that is new and valuable, both in practical and theoretical geology;

and he is to be congratulated that, particularly in the latter department, he has occasion to alter and amend so little. Professor Dawson's name alone is sufficient guaranty for the character of a work which, we confess, we can scarcely open in a critical spirit—prejudging involuntarily by considerations that cannot be lightly set aside.

It has been often remarked, and we fear with much truth, that the scientific men of our country—with the few notable exceptions that may at once be called to mind—are not the scholars, in the strict interpretation of the term, that would be desirable. With us object-culture and language-culture—the two fundamental methods of mental discipline—go hand-in-hand but a little way. There is something, it may be in our peculiar genius, or perhaps in our system of education, that leads us insensibly to adopt one or the other of these methods of study, to the neglect, if not to the exclusion, of the other. We believe that this is less the case with scientific men of other countries; a broader, more comprehensive and rational basis of education being considered indispensable. Be this as it may, we are glad to observe in *Acadian Geology* the union of scientific with literary attainments. There is no subject whose attractions are not heightened by attention to purely literary requirements; and we are inclined to think that the more abstruse the theme the more care should be bestowed upon the garb in which it is presented. Though scientific truths cannot be wholly concealed by careless or ill-chosen words, the importance of appropriate language cannot be over-estimated. The author's easy handling of the common "tools of thought," joined to his command of the vocabulary of science, results in a style always terse and forcible, and often elegant. To the union of the scholar and the geologist is perhaps due in great measure the success that has attended the author's endeavor to render his work acceptable to a larger class of readers than is comprehended within the circle of professed geologists. The peculiar difficulty of so doing can hardly be appreciated by one who has not made the attempt. Scientific matter when dished up to suit the popular taste is very apt to be made a stale and vapid thing, whose strength and essence is frittered away in artificial flavoring—particularly that most detestable of all sops to the public, a would-be sprightliness that is simply inanity. It may be safely taken for granted that a class of readers who will not accept sound scientific facts dressed in plain language, cannot be induced to take their dose by never so nice a sugar-coating of the scientific pill. While disdaining to hold forth meretricious allurements, our author has judiciously lightened the weight of Acadian rocks, and leavened the solidity of geological theories, by giving due share of attention to the eminently practical relations of his subject—its bearing upon the material prosperity and commercial importance of his country.

These considerations remind us, just here, of the twofold design of the work; one part of which is largely theoretical, and addressed more particularly to geologists; the other practical, and of consequence to every one interested in the prosperity of Acadia. Regarding the former, we cannot do better than quote a paragraph which shows its interest and importance. Professor Dawson (p. vi.) says:

"I shall have occasion to show, in the following pages, that the rocks of Acadia have, among other important additions to geological science, contributed the first known indications of carboniferous reptiles, and the only known carboniferous enaliosaurian, the only carboniferous land shells known, the first carboniferous myriapod, the first Devonian insects, the only well-characterized primordial fauna in America, and the richest known Devonian flora."

Under the latter come those three great sources of national wealth, coal, iron, and gold, each of which demands attention.

The discovery of gold in Nova Scotia is very recent. Even in 1855, Professor Dawson only ventured to indicate that it might be found in certain localities, in terms guarded all the more carefully in consequence of various improbable and impossible rumors that were afloat at the time. It was not until five years afterward that public attention was drawn to the subject (p. 625): "In March this year a man, stooping to drink at a brook, found a piece of gold among the pebbles over which the stream flowed. He picked it up, and searching found more." The author continues: "The principal gold region of Nova Scotia is the long belt of partially metamorphosed rocks extending along the south coast from Yarmouth to Cape Canseau. . . . The gold occurs in veins of milky and translucent quartz, contained in the beds of quartzite and slate, and almost invariably running with the strike of the beds. It is associated with several other metallic minerals. After an elaborate discussion of the whole subject, and descriptions of various mines

(a list of those recognized by the government being also given), Professor Dawson thus sums up his conclusions (p. 631): "The rocks containing the auriferous veins of Nova Scotia are of lower Silurian age. The veins themselves were opened and filled out with the minerals which they now hold at the time when these lower Silurian rocks were contorted and altered, and this probably occurred in the Devonian period, contemporaneously with the production of intrusive granites, and in connection with the changes of metamorphism then proceeding. It was certainly completed before the beginning of the carboniferous period, since which time little change seems to have occurred in the veins." The whole chapter upon the lower Silurian is of great interest; we have room for but one other extract (p. 631): "At the 'Ovens,' in Londonderry County, we have the remarkable, and, in so far as I am aware, unique spectacle of a modern gold alluvium now actually in process of formation under the denuding action of the waves. The slaty rocks of the coast holding auriferous quartz veins are daily being cut away by the waves of the Atlantic, and the gold is accumulating in the bottom of the shingle produced, and in the crevices of the subjacent rock."

The same system—the Silurian—which affords gold has further economic importance in the presence of iron ore. The deposits in veins which, "though occurring in many places, have been worked only along the southern slope of the Cabequid Hills in Londonderry, in the vicinity of the Great Village and Folly Rivers," appear of great consequence, as may be gathered from the author's descriptions, and conform to the estimate set on their value by Mr. J. L. Hayes in 1849. These veins are in the upper Silurian.*

The carboniferous period occupies a space commensurate with its great importance in an economic point of view—no less than eleven chapters out of the twenty-five being devoted to this portion of the subject. Professor Dawson arranges the whole series in the following subordinate groups (p. 129):

- "1. *The upper coal formation*, containing coal formation plants, but not productive coal.
- "2. *The middle coal formation*, or coal formation proper, containing the productive coal-beds.
- "3. *The millstone grit series*, represented in Nova Scotia by red and grey sandstone, shale, and conglomerate, with a few fossil plants and thin coal seams, not productive.
- "4. *The carboniferous limestone*, with the associated sandstones, marls, gypsums, etc., and holding marine fossils, recognized by all palæontologists who have examined them as carboniferous.
- "5. *The lower coal measures*, holding some but not all of the fossils of the middle coal formation, and thin coals, not productive, but differing both in flora and fauna from the upper Devonian, which they overlie unconformably."

Each of these formations is exhaustively described in subsequent pages. After a summary of the facts relating to the mode of accumulation of coal, and a discussion of the two diverse theories of "geological cycles," the initial chapter upon the carboniferous concludes with an examination and criticism of the views of Professor Lesley, with whom the author differs. Throughout the discussion, conducted in the most courteous manner to considerable length, Professor Dawson—to judge solely from the line of argument presented—makes good his points. It is strong corroborative evidence in favor of his views that Professor Geinitz, of Dresden, considers Professor Dawson's investigations to have established for America the same succession of the carboniferous that has been determined for Europe.

In several succeeding chapters the author goes into elaborate descriptions of the carboniferous of the various Acadian districts, taking that of Cumberland, as exemplified at the Joggins section, as typical of the whole. Full account is given of the various useful minerals—a list of which (including those of all other systems beside the carboniferous) is given (p. xix.) under the head of *Index to Economic Geology*. No coal having yet been found on Prince Edward Island, and the question being an interesting one, the probabilities of its occurrence are thoroughly discussed. The author thinks there is a reasonable probability that coal measures exist under the island, and mentions Orwell Point and Des Sables as the places most likely to reward boring.

Chapters xviii. and xx. will be found, perhaps, to possess the greatest interest to the general reader. The first treats of the strange animals, and the last of

*The author considers the system under the heads of the upper and lower, as representing two entire geologic cycles—disregarding the middle Silurian of some geologists.

**Acadian Geology: the Geological Structure, Organic Remains, and Mineral Resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.* By John William Dawson, etc., etc. Second edition, revised and enlarged, with a geological map and numerous illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

the magnificent flora of the coal period. The wealth of luxuriant vegetation that marked this period—far surpassing that of any subsequent epoch—contrasts strongly with the paucity of air-breathing creatures. The few of the latter that have been brought to light are of high interest, independently of their—to us—singular forms; being among the first of their kind to be called into existence—the prototypes of forms that have successively appeared. According to our author (p. 353), the first observed trace of reptiles in the carboniferous system “consisted of a series of small but well-marked footprints found by Sir W. E. Logan, in 1841, in the lower coal measures of Horton Bluff, in Nova Scotia.” Various other investigations—in which Prof. Dawson took large part—resulted in the discovery of *Sauropus Sydneusis*, Daws., also known only by its tracks; *Baphetes planiceps*, Owen, a large reptile regarded as allied “with the great crocodilian frogs of the Trias of Europe;” two species of *Dendropteron*, a peculiar race of lizards so called from the circumstance of one of them having been discovered in the interior of an erect fossil *Sigillaria*, a tree of the period; three species of *Hylonomus*, a genus of small reptiles probably with lacertian affinities; *Hylerpeton Dawsoni*, Owen, probably a more decidedly aquatic reptile; and finally, most interesting of all, the *Eosaurus Acadianus*, Marsh, a huge aquatic reptile, whose affinities are regarded by Agassiz and Wyman as enaliosaurian. A number of invertebrates are also described: among them a giant dragon-fly measuring seven inches in alar expanse, considered by Mr. Scudder as typifying “a new synthetic family between *Odonata* and *Ephemera*.” The chapter upon the flora is probably the best description of the plants extant; an epitome of the leading features of the flora, and of the structure of the coal plants, being followed by a complete descriptive list of the species thus far brought to light.

The Devonian period is more fully treated in the present edition, the fossiliferous members of the group near St. John, N. B., receiving special attention. They give us, beside crustaceans and worms, four neuropterous insects, regarded “as being the oldest known representatives of that type. They occur in the same shales with the plants, and are thus proved, both by stratigraphical and palæontological evidence, to be older than the carboniferous period. . . . Like many other ancient animals they show a remarkable union of characters now found in distinct orders of insects, or constitute synthetic types.” Among the useful minerals of the Devonian, ores of iron and copper rank first. A concise description of the general character of the Devonian flora is followed, as is the case with the carboniferous, by full list of species belonging to the *Conifera*, *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, *Asterophyllites*, *Lycopodiaceae*, and *Filices*.

We trust that even this hasty glance at some parts of *Acadian Geology* will suffice to give our readers an idea of the character and scope of the work. The text is illustrated by over two hundred wood-cuts, all good, and many of them of superior execution; beside numerous full-page engravings. We are rather inclined to criticise some of the restorations of plants, and particularly that of the reptiles facing p. 353; in the preparation of which, possibly, imagination has been drawn upon for fact to an unwarrantable degree. But this point need not be dwelt upon, since, obviously, it can be neither proven nor the reverse.

Even were space at our command, this would hardly be the place to enter into a discussion of those points in theoretical geology which Prof. Dawson has “neither sought nor avoided,” but which he has discussed as they arose. We have so far purposely avoided them, but cannot forbear comment upon the theory of the nature and method of formation of the unstratified drift or boulder clay. Since the promulgation of the glacier theory, and the recognition of a “glacial period,” during which a great part, or the greater part, of Europe and North America was supposed to have been ice-ridden, the contest between this and rival theories has been sharp, though anything but decisive. The glacier theory, like every new thing in any department of knowledge, capable, or supposed to be capable, of extensive application, became fashionable, and few have been the *post-pliocene* phenomena not attributed to it, directly or indirectly. Though it has been as vigorously assailed as stoutly defended, the general tendency to “run it in the ground” (to use a well-known, if questionable, expression) has been as irresistible as the progress of the mighty glacier itself adown the mountain side. But speculation, swinging like a pendulum between the widest extremes, is likely, in time, to settle somewhere near the golden mean. We are glad to find that Professor Dawson judiciously adheres to conservative views on this vexed matter.

His explanation of the boulder clay phenomena is the same as that given in his first edition; he is inclined to regard “that mysterious glacial period . . . as one of subsidence under an ice-laden sea, at least so far as Acadia is concerned.” He shows by cogent reasoning that, aside from the improbability, not to say physical impossibility, of the extreme glaciation that many suppose, many of the phenomena claimed to be glacial could not be produced by glaciers, even admitting, *argumenti gratia*, the theoretical mantle of ice. He supports his own explanation of the observed phenomena in a manner equally forcible and lucid. At the same time he is far from denying the action of glaciers in certain local cases. His line of argument is condensed and reduced (p. 73) to ten theorems propounding the antagonistic or differential effects of glaciers and floating ice.

In concluding this necessarily narrow survey of a truly great work we wish to make brief note of the very interesting appendix (H.) on the Micmac language and superstitions, supplemental to the chapter on the prehistoric man. Professor Dawson gives a list of words believed to show “strong points of resemblance between the Micmac and Maliseet languages and some of the older languages of Europe.” Though the similarity of many words is decided (as, e. g., *ejikuladoo*, “I cast away”—cf. *ejicid*, *eject*, *ejaculate*, etc.), it is probably to be regarded as coincidental rather than derivative. The philological import of the resemblances seems to us to relate chiefly to onomatopœia.* Professor Dawson’s note on the Micmac “Glooscap,” the “great traditional immortal patriarch” of the race, gives another instance of a sort of theology that appears almost universal. The salient feature of a creed common to most men is the belief in the existence of a being of transcendent attributes, who has left “his children” because of their sins, but who will come again in his own good time. The Pueblo Indians of the south-west still look daily to the east for the coming of Montezuma. The circumscribed expect a Saviour yet to come. And what is that belief in the “coming of the Messiah,” to which so many Christians adhere, but a more enlightened phase of the same world-wide creed?

THE MOONSTONE.†

WHEN we examined, two years ago, the last of Mr. Wilkie Collins’s elaborate fictions, we expressed our hope that he would now relinquish the vein he had been working so long and so successfully. From the collective example of popular novelists it seemed to us improbable that, continuing it, he could produce anything to surpass, or even to equal, the later of the stories he had then written; and our unwillingness to see a declension from a progress which in so marked a degree had been great and constant occasioned the suggestion that he had it in his power to give us the greatest historical romance in the language, if only he could improve upon his early and never repeated experiment, *Antonina*, to the same extent as *Armada* was an improvement upon *The Dead Secret*, which was his first elaborate essay in the detective-police school. But Mr. Collins knew his powers better than we did; and while he might well be content to leave his new novel to stand as his masterpiece, it must also convince his admirers of the idleness of any apprehensions that his powers have reached their zenith and must next slant toward their nadir.

The Moonstone, from its plan, does not admit the dramatic intensity in which *No Name* stands alone; it deals with no such stupendous wickedness as fascinated us in *Armada*; nor among its characters is there any which in respect of force is to be placed in comparison with Count Fosco; and in it, moreover, the glamour of the resistless fate of the old tragedians, instead of being interfused throughout the fabric, as in its predecessors, is little more than suggested, and then remains subsidiary to the main purpose of the story. Yet *The Moonstone* is certainly the most ingenious, interesting, and many-sided of its author’s novels, and the one which best repays the real study demanded of his conscientious reader. To anybody who knows Mr. Collins’s writings it is needless to say that the merit of the novel lies in its incidents. Of depth, like the depth of George Eliot or of Auerbach, it is as deficient as it is of a moral lesson; for it is as an intellectual, and not as a moral, relaxation that it appeals to the reader, and its writer has the honesty, as well as the sense, to refrain from the pretence of uniting the

incompatible functions of the moralist and sensationist. His characters, for all that, and although he uses them as entirely subordinate to the complicated mechanism of which they are integral parts, are faultless in their finish, in their diversity and contrast, and, for the prominent ones at least, in their fidelity as types and as actors. Even in Mr. Dickens’s novels, especially in the respect of humor—which, like all other individualisms, Mr. Collins holds in strict subordination to the working out of his plot,—it would be hard to find a more thoroughly well-considered *dramatis personæ*. The order in which they are brought forward to present their concurrent testimony upon their own and each other’s actions, after Mr. Collins’s favorite plan, makes each serve admirably as a foil to his neighbor. Thus, the first narrator is Gabriel Betteredge, the confidential steward in the service of the family into whose fortunes the Moonstone (an Indian diamond of immense value both intrinsically and in Brahmin superstition) comes as a Pandora’s box of discord and suspicion,—a worthy, garrulous old fellow, fidelity itself, in whom childish transparency and a mild Machiavelism are queerly blent; who honors, after the family, his own imagined worldly wisdom, and presents himself as “a scholar in my own way,” content to set down his own follies “as a consolation and encouragement to all stupid people—it being a great satisfaction to our inferior fellow-creatures to find that their betters are, on occasions, no brighter than they are;” remarkable, finally, for nothing more than his veneration for *Robinson Crusoe* as a guide for daily life, to which he appeals, drawing auguries from chance passages, as many worthy folk do from the Bible, remarking, for instance, on one occasion when his search had been specially favored, “The man who doesn’t believe in *Robinson Crusoe* after that is a man with a screw loose in his understanding, or a man lost in the mist of his own self-conceit! Argument is thrown away upon him; and pity is better reserved for some person with a livelier faith.” Succeeding Betteredge—who has given the parting injunction, “Don’t believe what she says of me,”—comes Miss Clack, Miss Drusilla Clack—who, in turn, describes Betteredge as “a heathen old man,” and his pretty daughter as a “young castaway,” with whom she is impelled to remonstrate “in a tone of Christian interest.” This admirable spinster—who informs us in the first sentence that she is “indebted to my dear parents (both now in heaven) for having had habits of order and regularity instilled into me at a very early age”—is a dependent and sycophant of the family, one of those coarse, thin natures which are apt to have the only thing that can much increase their repulsiveness, a hard veneering of pseudo-religion. Of this a fine exemplification is the course which her sense of duty dictated to be pursued toward Lady Verinder, who is dying from a nervous affection, and to soothe whose last hours Miss Clack “gave her her choice of three precious friends, all plying the work of mercy from morning to night in her own neighborhood; all equally inexhaustible in exhortation; all affectionately ready to exercise their gifts at a word from me.” Lady Verinder being unaccountably puzzled and frightened at the suggestion and declining it “with the purely worldly objection that she was not strong enough to face strangers,” Miss Clack’s “large experience (as Reader and Visitor, under not less, first and last, than fourteen beloved clerical friends) informed me that this was another case for preparation by books,” of which she possessed “a little library of works, all suitable to the present emergency, all calculated to arouse, convince, prepare, enlighten, and fortify my aunt.” Of one of these Miss Clack is at the pains to give a brief review; its title is *The Serpent at Home*, and its design “is to show how the Evil One lies in wait for us in all the most apparently innocent actions of our daily lives. The chapters best adapted to female perusal are: *Satan in the Hair-Brush*, *Satan behind the Looking-Glass*, *Satan under the Tea-Table*, *Satan out of the Window*—and many others.” This benevolent project is unfortunately frustrated by the “blinded materialism” of the attendant member “of the notoriously infidel profession of Medicine,” and Miss Clack, assisted by congenial friends, is forced to have recourse to “Preparation by Little Notes,” which likewise fails, its ingenious practitioner being in general rewarded with the inadequate returns an unappreciative world is apt to make to apostles of the Chadband and Stiggins stamp. Of narrators there are some half-dozen others equally good in their very different ways—among them, a clear-headed solicitor; the hero of the story, so far at least as it has a hero; and a doctor whose professional researches have led him to investigations that prove the turning point of the story,

* It might be interesting to compare Micmac words with the vocabulary of the Chinook Jargon, prepared by George Gibbs, Esq., and published by the Smithsonian Institution. The occurrence of the word “Chinook” in Micmac is very suggestive.

† *The Moonstone: A Novel*. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.

while the little we see of him suggests, rather than puts before us, one of the best conceived, least hackneyed, and most admirable characters in recent fiction. Among the minor personages—the perspicacious detective with a fondness for roses as strongly at variance with his work-day habits as Count Fosco's petting of mice and canaries; a servant girl who is the subject of a tragic episode of peculiar elements of horror; a professional philanthropist who proves an angelic scoundrel—in these and others is discernible a wealth of knowledge of human nature such as is rarely found belonging to the novelist of incident.

And essentially as a novel of incident is *The Moonstone* a greater work than the stories which educated their writer up to its production. The causes of its superiority, so far as they can be detailed without revealing glimpses of that nucleus of the plot which would put the clue in the hands of the future reader and effectually spoil it for him, are few and obvious. There is, at the outset, no sense of intrinsic improbabilities of which the reader must divest his mind. There is, for instance, good and sufficient cause why the actors should speak fully, instead of forcing us to concede that for no adequate reason very clever people—like Count Fosco, Capt Wragge, or Miss Gwilt—should put in writing the proofs of what it is their great purpose to conceal. So, again, while the analysis was never better, for the first time the collective astuteness of the actors is not incredible, and we do not constantly find ourselves in the midst of Titanic intellectual conflicts, the combatants in which, one is tempted to believe, are more numerous in Mr. Collins's books than the possible ones in the real world out of them. Beside this, two conceptions are made to contribute to the plot, either of which would have been enough to assure its pre-eminence. In the first is employed that sense of the unfamiliar and awesome for which some artists have relied upon the supernatural, some on the impressive charm that invests whatever is remote and unknown. In introducing among the every-day surroundings of modern English life the band of Indian religionists, oath-bound, wily, subtle, untiring, relentless, not to be bent or diverted from the recovery of the jewel that sacrilegious hands had torn from the shrine of their deity, our author's artistic sense had imported strong effects of contrasts into his work, along with a consciousness that there impends a mysterious, intangible menace, whose springs lie in a civilization and a cast of mind so alien to all our experience that no foresight or intrepidity can serve to encounter it. Thus Mr. Collins has employed some of the essential conditions of tragedy, and done with success what in the hands of a bungler would have been extravagant and vulgarized, and even in those of a fairly skilful artist would have produced incongruity. Still more striking and more novel are the occurrences connected with Ezra Jennings, on whose remarkable physiological and psychological investigations—far out of the novelist's ordinary domain—the story centres, so that, in a few pages, what was bewilderingly incoherent and apparently irreconcilable, takes on the clearness which the last ingredient added by the chemist produces in what to all seeming was a hopeless mess. Here lies the key to the whole story, and to give any notion of its nature would be but the work of a marplot. Were the story otherwise commonplace, this conception and its treatment would suffice as its passport to the highest rank among sensation novels.

Least our admiration for Mr. Collins's stories should seem irreconcilable with our declared hostility to sensational fiction, we may as well, without advancing any Hahnemannian paradox, express our conviction that a better antidote to its evils could scarcely be devised than these novels, which are yet in their very essence sensational. We would not, it is true, recommend their being placed in the hands of very young persons, because, while the mystery and suspense would fascinate them, any real perception of their complex structure and wonderful ingenuity is beyond their comprehension, and the habit is implanted of resting content with a mastery less than superficial; but we do recommend them unreservedly to those who need intellectual relaxation, but whose taste or habit of mind cannot accept the barren commonplace of most modern fiction, and requires the stimulus of an intelligent search for a hidden clue, not the simple unravelling of a snarl which has been deliberately entangled before their eyes. From the lower specimens of the class at whose head they stand, *The Moonstone* and its predecessors differ fundamentally in their freedom from the vulgarity of cheap and tawdry sentiment, of the hackneyed stage trick of referring all action to the actuating principle of love or

of hate, and from the impurity of delineations of crimes that fascinate only by their wickedness. And from the only other novels of incident which approach them in cleverness and real substance they stand distinct in this—that they are the result of faithful study, not the product of brazen plagiarism. To read the trash of the circulating libraries after these masterpieces of sensation, would be like turning from Tennyson to betake one's self to Tupper.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE GORDIAN KNOT. By Shirley Brooks. London: Bradbury, Evans & Co. 1868.—Whatever Mr. Shirley Brooks writes is generally worth reading; and although the reissue of an author's early works—even in an improved form, revised by the hand of experience—is usually regarded as an extremely hazardous experiment, yet in the present instance it has proved very successful. With the same characteristics as a novel, the same numberless digressions and nicely finished social sketches, and—at the beginning of the book—the same meagreness of plot, *The Gordian Knot* is far superior to *Sooner or Later* as a work of fiction, and it assumes toward the close of the story a degree of interest for which those who have read the earlier chapters are scarcely prepared. Well drawn and well contrasted characters go far to atone for want of excellence in plot. All the personages in the present work are sketched with such marvellous distinctness and accuracy, they are so elaborately individualized, that although they seem to be scarcely at home in the positions assigned to them, they interest us as distinct studies, and as showing the author's great skill and knowledge in the treatment of certain types of men and women, more especially of those schemers whose way of life is a puzzle to the uninitiated. The heroine, Margaret Spencer, is a very good, interesting, and affectionate girl; the daughter of parents whose conduct in India has been anything but respectable, she is at an early age most happily consigned to the guidance of an uncle and aunt whose purity of life and unaffected piety especially fit them to be the guides and counsellors of youth, and under their fostering care she is strengthened in those principles which enable her to bear her subsequent trials. Her life glides on pleasantly enough until by her father's orders she is transferred to the charge of one Mrs. Robert Spencer, who resides in London, and the scene of confusion which greets her on her arrival there is admirably described. One of the first persons whom she meets at Mrs. Spencer's house is one Mr. Jasper Beryl, evidently a sketch from life, whose part in the drama might have been made more prominent with great advantage to the story. Margaret likewise meets here her future husband, a young man of fashion, one who has irresistible attractions for a very young and inexperienced woman, and who is, moreover, accomplished, good-hearted, and very conventional.

A mistake made by the husband of Mrs. Spencer in a walk through London gives the author an opportunity for one of those clever but painful descriptions in which he eminently excels. Spencer is insensibly hurried on by an unusual concourse of persons, all pressing forward in the same direction, until, hemmed in by the crowd, he does not pause to consider the cause of this extraordinary gathering:

"Suddenly, the withdrawal of some large object, perhaps a cart, from the neighborhood, allowed the portion of the crowd that included Robert to press forward a few yards, when it became as dense and rigid as before. But that few yards had done the business, in bringing him past a corner which had shut out the view of the object which had assembled the excited multitude.

"Taken for itself, this object might seem scarcely worthy of so much homage. It was not a glittering trophy. It was not a statue to be unveiled. It was not a rostrum for an orator. It was simply a sort of platform, of no great height, erected in front of one of the doors of a large stone building, and from which door a passage of several steps ascended to the platform. The latter was surrounded by a slight chain work, on rails, lest any one should fall outside it. The description is complete when we have added that two stout posts supported a cross-beam, from which, and over the centre of the platform, there depended a short iron chain.

"I cannot bear the sight," said Spencer. "I got into the crowd without knowing why. I shall faint!"

"Shut your eyes, man alive," said another neighbor, roughly but kindly. "That's your only chance, and we'll tell you when to open 'em."

"After another despairing appeal, Spencer felt that the course thus advised would in some measure relieve him, and he closed his eyes, though the doing so only seemed to make him feel more keenly the presence of the scene around him. The baby had done the same, and was sleeping very calmly on the shoulder of its mother.

"He closed his eyes, and so avoided the sight of the day. Had he kept them open, he would have seen—this.

"As the minutes slowly away, a spectator would every now and then glance up to the clock of the Church of the Tomb. When that clock noted that about three minutes only were wanted to eight o'clock, an electric movement ran through the crowd, and here and there a woman's scream went up. Then, in obedience to a general and peremptory call, all hats went off. You know now why caps are so much better on these occasions. Then there was a frightful silence, unlike anything, I hope, that the majority of those who read these lines will ever be able to call to mind. Again a scream or two, and a woman subsides in a dead faint—fall she cannot—and a strong arm in red cloth holds her up; but the soldier's face is fixed on the platform. And now the intense and awful silence is a thing that can be felt, like darkness. It could not be borne long; it is too unnatural for creatures to whom God has given breaths and voices.

"The sweet, grave sound of the bell is given out again, and every man and woman in that fearful crowd counts the strokes. The hour of eight is told. One man will never hear the voice of a church-bell again on this earth."

The scene is rapidly changed in the next chapter, and the

description of Margaret's marriage is very differently but equally well given. Two years of happiness are vouchsafed to the young couple, and a bright boy arrives before the clouds begin to gather which threaten to destroy the peace of Arundel and his wife. A deeper interest attaches to the remainder of the story, the scenes assume a greater appearance of a reality, and the touching account of the death of one who has strong claims upon our sympathies—one in whom there is enough of good to enlist the compassion of the reader, and not enough of evil to cause him to acquiesce in her misfortunes—gives evidence of the author's capacity to do better work than he has as yet presented to the world.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. London and New York: George Routledge & Son. 1868.—Cheapness can go no further than this. Even to go from New York to Boston for a dollar—and though that may be esteemed no great privilege, think what the reverse progress is worth!—is as nothing in comparison with Shakespeare's complete plays, poems, sonnets, songs, with a glossarial index, for fifty cents, even this price—thanks to our tariff and the cost of importation—being an increase upon the shilling for which the book is produced abroad. Of course the type is of the extremely fine sort for which we have recommended the use of a large reading-glass, otherwise all this matter could not have been brought within less than 800 pages. But the paper, though thin, is good and fine, and the typography singularly clear and beautiful.

Mr. Midshipman Easy. By Captain Marryat. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.—This is another piece of cheap book-making. The volume before us is the first of a dozen, in which Captain Marryat's sea tales, well printed in large type, apparently from the plates of the handsomer edition issued by the same house, are to be produced at a cost of forty cents each. The author's popularity has long been beyond the reach of criticism, and, if it were not, he has a store of fun that often compensates for his invariable coarseness.

The Nursery: A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers. By Fanny P. Seaverns. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868.—We should be puzzled to account for our protracted failure to mention this little monthly in any other wise than by this honest confession—that under an erroneous conception of its character, how obtained we have not the slightest notion, we had neglected even to cut its leaves, until we chanced to see a copy in the hands of one of the little ones for whom it is designed. The absorbed interest with which the child turned from picture to picture, with inquiry and delight in its eyes, revealed our error, and the inspection of several numbers compels us to make amends for the undeserved slight. Designed, as its title implies, for readers as well as hearers too young to comprehend *Our Young Folks* or *The Riverside* or *The Little Corporal*, the magazine gives a remarkable variety and profusion of entertaining stories and poems, ranging through all the various topics to which the nursery listens with open eyes, accompanied with very many and very well done wood-cuts. We can imagine scarcely a possible improvement in this admirable little monthly, which need only once present itself to secure the permanent foothold it ought to have in every nursery in the land.

The Cornhill Monthly and Literary Recorder. Boston: D. Lothrop & N. P. Kemp. 1868.—This is a new and cheap attempt at a semi-religious monthly, whose critical value, as evinced by an article on *The Religious Press* in the July issue, is a little doubtful as yet, but which may grow into vitality for all that. A magazine consumed with admiration for *The Church Union* and *Independent*—long as is the interval between them—is in rather a queer stage of intellectual progress to set up as literary authority. However, there are tastes and tastes, and even *The Buntingtown Bugle* has its passionate devotees. Meanwhile *The Cornhill* sells for a dollar a year, and we wish it all manner of development.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- LEYFOLDT & HOLT, New York.—A Psyche of To-day. By Mrs. C. Jenkin. Pp. 280. 1868.
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia.—The Infant Voyagers, and other Stories. Pp. 216.
Little Mary. By Harriet B. McKeever. Pp. 131.
Spiritual Arithmetic, and other Stories. Pp. 216.
Mat Warner; or, The Boy who Wanted his own Way. By Nellie Grahame. Pp. 108.
Aunt Betsey's Rule, and How it Worked. Pp. 306.
Numerical, Alphabetical, and Descriptive Catalogues of the Publications of the Presbyterian Publication Society. Pp. 432. 1868.
An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times. By John Angell James. Pp. xxiv., 288. 1868.
The Atonement. By the Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D. Pp. 440. 1868.
ALLEN & CO., London: Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Lives of the English Cardinals: including historical notices of the Papal Court. By Folkestone Williams. 2 vols.; pp. xii., 484, iv., 543. 1868.
DIOSKY & COCKCROFT, New York.—Remarkable Trials of all Countries. Compiled by Thomas Dunphy and Thomas J. Cummins. Pp. 464. 1867.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—Night and Morning: A Novel. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Complete in one volume. Pp. xvi. 360, 370. 1868.
First Lessons in French. By Professor Jean B. Sue, A.M. Pp. 180. 1866.
A New Practical and Intellectual Method of Learning French. By the same. Pp. vi., 610. 1866.
The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Arranged as a Guide for the Construction of French Sentences; completing the system of the practical intellectual method for learning French. By the same. Pp. 439. 1866.
School Economy. By James Pyle Wickersham, A.M. Pp. xviii., 381. 1868.
The Philosophy of Mathematics. By A. T. Bledsoe, A.M., LL.D. Pp. 248. 1868.
Manual of Elementary Logic. By Lyman H. Atwater. Pp. 244. 1868.

- A Grammar of the German Language. By F. A. Roese. Pp. viii., 236. 1864.
- Comparative Geography. By Carl Ritter. Translated by W. L. Gage. Pp. xxx., 220. 1865.
- The Analogy of Religion. By Joseph Butler, D.C.L. With an introduction, notes, conspectus, and ample index. By Howard Malcolm, D.D. Pp. 360. 1868.
- The National System of Bookkeeping. By William Bright, Accountant. Pp. 167. 1866.
- E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia.—Essay on the Intellectual Powers of Man. By Thomas Reid, D.D., F.R.S.E. Edited by James Walker, D.D. Tenth Edition. Pp. xv., 492. 1864.
- The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man. By Dugald Stewart, F.R.S.S., Lond. and Ed. Revised by the same. Pp. viii., 460. 1868.
- Primary Ladies' Reader. A choice and varied Collection of Prose and Poetry, adapted to the capacities of young children. By John W. S. Hows. Pp. 264. 1864.
- The Junior Ladies' Reader. By the same. Pp. 312. 1868.
- The Ladies' Reader. By the same. Pp. xiii., 425. 1868.
- The Ladies' Book of Reading and Recitations. By the same. Pp. 449. 1864.
- Geology. For teachers, classes, and private students. By Sanborn Tenney, A.M. Illustrated with 200 wood engravings. Pp. xi., 320. 1868.
- The American Child's Pictorial History of the United States. Illustrated. By Samuel G. Goodrich. Pp. viii., 240. 1868.
- A Pictorial History of the United States. By the same. Pp. 516. 1868.
- A Pictorial Natural History. By the same. Pp. vi., 415. 1866.
- A Pictorial History of the World, Ancient and Modern. By the same. Pp. 360. 1867.
- The Primary Speller. For young children. By Joseph C. Martin-dale. Pp. 95. 1868.
- The Common-School Speller. By the same. Pp. 95. 1868.
- The Complete Speller. For Schools and Academies. By the same. Pp. 123. 1868.
- The Scholar's Companion. Containing Exercises in the Orthography, Derivation, and Classification of English Words. By Rufus W. Bailey. Pp. x., 312. 1868.
- An Introduction to the Grammar of the English Language. By John S. Hart, L.L.D. Pp. 125. 1868.
- A Grammar of the English Language. By the same. Pp. 199. 1868.
- A Grammar of the English Language. For the use of Schools and Academies. With copious parsing exercises. By Wm. Bingham, A.M. Pp. 207. 1868.
- A Grammar of the Latin Language. For the use of Schools. With exercises and vocabularies. By the same. Pp. 322. 1868.
- Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. With a vocabulary and notes. By the same. Pp. 348. 1868.
- First Lessons in Geography. For Young Children. By S. Aug. Mitchell. Pp. 67. 1868.
- The New Primary Geography. Illustrated by 20 colored maps. By the same. Pp. 95. 1868.
- A System of Modern Geography. Illustrated by 23 copper-plate maps. By the same. Pp. 110. 1868.
- A System of Modern Geography. Accompanied by a new Atlas of 44 copper-plate maps, and illustrated by 200 engravings. By the same. Pp. 456. 1868.
- Mitchell's Modern Atlas. A series of 44 copper-plate maps, drawn and engraved expressly to illustrate Mitchell's New School Geography. 1868.
- Elements of Physical Geography. By John Brocklesby, A.M. Pp. 164. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- LORING, Boston.—Addie Dubois: A Story of the Lovely Miramichi Valley, in New Brunswick, Pp. 232.
- Medusa, and other Tales. By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. Pp. 75.
- Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings. Taken from life. By Kate Field. Pp. 58.
- F. W. CHRISTIAN, New York.—Le Docteur au Village. Par Mme. Hippolyte Meunier. Pp. 342. 1868.
- CASELL, PETTER & GALPIN, London.—The Holy Bible. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Part XXX.
- La Fontaine's Fables. Illustrated by the same. Part XV.
- We have received the Sixth Annual Announcement of the New York Medical College for Women, 1868-9.
- We have also received current numbers of The Old Guard; The Eclectic Magazine; Packard's Monthly; Harper's Monthly Magazine; The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine—New York; The Riverside Magazine; Atlantic Monthly; The Church Monthly; Our Young Folks; The Cornhill Monthly; The Nursery—Boston; The Detective's Manual—Springfield, Mass.; The Month—Baltimore; Half-Yearly Compendium of Medical Science; The Medical and Surgical Reporter—Philadelphia.

TABLE-TALK.

SMOKERS have just secured a notable triumph in England. At one of the last sittings of the House of Commons a bill was passed making it compulsory on every railway in Great Britain to provide compartments for smokers. Hitherto there has been no law, and only a few companies have provided this accommodation, so that the smoker had to buy his luxury by bribing the servants of the road to close their eyes. The matter is one which, by legislation or otherwise, ought, in justice to smokers, to be determined in this country. On many of our roads—especially in New England and the West—there exist ample accommodations. In some of the Southern States it is the case—as it is in Central and Southern Europe—that smokers so preponderate that one or two cars are set apart for non-smokers and the remainder of the train consecrated to the weed. In point of fact, we suppose no company has a right to determine that its passengers must abstain from what to many is a necessity during the time they are on its trains; and a passenger who insisted on smoking could not legally be interfered with, unless a suitable place had been offered to him and refused. But from the inherent respect of Americans for law and, in some points, for the comforts of others—partly also from the national pusillanimity which endures any amount of outrage at the hands of a corporation,—smokers have in most places suffered themselves to be grossly imposed upon. Many roads provide no smoking-car at all, and others only miserable apologies for them. An example of the latter which many of our readers are familiar with is that of the Camden and Amboy road. For many years—until within a few months, that is, and, for all we know, to this day—it has been the practice of that corporation to make this provision for the smokers on its principal trains between New York and Philadelphia: one end, about one-third in length, of the baggage and mail car; old, filthy, and dilapidated; its roof so low that even an undersized man could not stand in it, wearing a stove-pipe hat; having seats for about a score of people, which are filled long before the departure of the train, obliging more applicants than would fill a full-sized car to turn away disappointed; quite half of these seats

being so constructed that their occupants must ride backward, with their legs wedged in among those of their *vis-à-vis* in narrowest limits, while in winter eight of them are within almost scorching nearness to a red-hot stove, which renders the tightly-packed compartment nearly suffocating; beside all which, there are forced upon the passengers in this place, who have bought, at excessive rates, a right to comfort, laborers of the road, drunken persons, all, in short, who are considered unrepresentable elsewhere. No other road, perhaps, of the same importance as the Camden and Amboy is guilty of quite this indecent treatment of its passengers, but very many of the second-rate roads are quite as culpable. There are smokers, we know—and we have before now remonstrated with them in terms which excited their displeasure—who grossly disregard the decencies, and walk the streets puffing smoke of very vile quality into the faces of those who detest it. But on the whole smokers are nearly as much sinned against as sinning, and it might be worth while to try whether their manners might not be mended by ceasing to treat them as if they were without the pale of civilization. They get much abuse, too, which they have not deserved. A few weeks since we read in one of the religious journals—*The Independent* we think, possibly *The Evangelist*—a bitter complaint by somebody who, with his wife, had been greatly outraged at the conduct of a large portion of the gentlemen passengers on a steamboat, who persisted in smoking on the deck where the complainants had seated themselves. From the description it was perfectly evident that the latter had invaded the portion of the deck, usually a small one and the least desirable, which is consecrated to smokers, who are repressed in all other regions. We have seen old ladies, of either sex, do this thing repeatedly, on cars and steamboats, and consider themselves outraged at the inevitable consequences. The truth is that both smokers and non-smokers have rights, and so long as those of either are curtailed in the interest of the other, the unprotected party will not be nice in refraining from cause of offence.

THE lecture field, which not unjustly might be called the Comstock lode of literature, promises to be well worked the coming season. Our Presidential election will tend to retard the season at least three weeks, but early in December nearly all the lyceums will have commenced their several courses. At the present moment great activity prevails among the committees, who are in profound consultation upon the best names for their programme. The agent system, which has been so successful in the West, and has recently been introduced into the East by the American Literary Bureau, is found to be a very useful adjunct to this work. The Bureau—whose ends and purposes we have more than once taken occasion to commend—has nearly completed arrangements with some of the most highly appreciated talent of the country, and we understand that it will shortly put forth a very attractive list of lecturers. Many lyceums are already negotiating with this highly useful agency, and we would advise all committees east of Pittsburgh to put themselves in communication with it. They will find their objects well served, and by seconding the efforts of the Bureau they may insure themselves present and prospective opportunities for the character and pecuniary profits of their courses that it would be scarcely wise to let pass.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT has received from Bonn University the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

MR. FREDERICK KAPP, the historian, German by birth and American by adoption, at the same time was made Doctor of Philosophy.

THE EISTEDDFOD is a Welsh annual festival of which many of our readers probably heard for the first time a year ago (*The Round Table*, No. 140), when we cited the rather cruel decision of Mr. Edmund Yates—who had been selected as judge in the contest of the bards,—that all the poems were so unspeakably bad that it would be improper to award any prize at all. This year the proceedings appear to have been much more satisfactory. They were still going on at Ruthin when our last mail closed, but there was more variety and less of the harpers and bards. The first exercises were the reading of papers on matters of social science and Welsh subjects. Then Mr. Mainwaring, M.P., read an address on the object of these annual gatherings, especially upon their adaptation to promote science and art and to contribute to the intellectual pleasures of the people. He said it was matter for congratulation that such sports as cockfighting had fallen into disrepute, and had been supplanted by gatherings calculated to improve the tastes and raise the character of the people. Several competitions then took place in music, and after several prizes had been awarded, an address was delivered by Mr. M. Lloyd on the vitality of the Welsh race. He said it had maintained its identity unimpaired through three thousand years. The Welsh people were among the most loyal subjects of the Queen, and their working classes were better educated than the same class in other parts of the British dominions. At the assizes which had just been concluded there were fewer prisoners from the six counties of the Principality than a single English county would furnish, and of the few prisoners tried one out of every three was a stranger, and not a Welshman. He complained that Wales had been altogether ignored by the British government. All the progress which had been achieved, whether educational or social, had been the work of the Welsh themselves. In the evening there was a grand concert,

which was numerously attended, and the singing was most effective. There was also a meeting of the bards to discuss matters specially connected with the conduct of future gatherings. In the course of the morning's proceedings, Talhairan announced that the bards had not yet decided upon the form which the *Urdd Goronog* should take, it being considered somewhat absurd that a bard who had not a crown, perhaps, in his pocket, should wear a coronet on his head. For the present year the difficulty had been avoided by Mr. Owen, of Dinbych, presenting a medal of the value of fifteen guineas to the successful competitor. Here our accounts end, except that on the next morning they were to get back again into social science. Any of our readers who are interested in the matter can no doubt learn all about it—if they can read Welsh—from *Y Drych* (meaning *The Mirror*), published at Uica. This journal, by the way, whose editor, Mr. J. Mather Jones, has just enlarged and improved it into a very handsome and evidently well-arranged sheet—its perfect unintelligibility prevents our speaking more definitely—is the only organ of the Welsh in this country, among whom it finds, we are told, some 25,000 readers.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, we are very glad to say, has come to decided grief in a manner which at first sight would seem to insure the extinguishment of *La Lanterne*, or at least to prevent the guidance of its rays by his hand. He secured a good deal of the sort of popularity he desired by his ostentatious refusal to print the *communiqué* which the government had the legal right to publish in his journal. This document he alleged, when announcing his intended contumacy, would fill forty-five out of his sixty pages, while its irrelevancy to the matter which formed the cause of grievance was such that he might with equal propriety be called upon to publish imperialist histories to the amount of scores of volumes, and that he preferred to pay the fine, which would have made him a martyr and been directly remunerative. The next week, however (August 8), he printed the *communiqué*, with the explanation that a continued refusal would involve the confiscation of his paper. But it now appeared that, instead of filling forty-five pages, it filled but nineteen, and instead of being irrelevant it was the legislative report concerning the matter M. Rochefort misrepresented, and was what the English correspondents pronounce an extremely pertinent refutation of a very gross calumny. Thus he was deservedly placed in a ridiculous position, compared where-with his conviction and sentence to pay a slight fine—fifty francs—was a trifling matter. That trouble thus ended, he straightway got into another. A libellous pamphlet concerning himself and his daughter was published by a M. Rochette. Determining not to trust the matter to the vexatious and uncertain course of the courts, he bought a cane, remarking, "This is just what we want," and accompanied by two friends, went to the premises of the printer, and after challenging him to fight a duel, which the other declined, struck him a blow in the face with his hand, and afterward twice on the body with a cane. For this he was sentenced in the correctional tribunal to four months' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred francs. No doubt a good deal of sympathy will be manifested for him by the hot-heads in France, as it seems to be by almost the entire press in this country, so far as it has spoken of the matter. But there was never sympathy more misplaced. His popularity is due solely to his extreme cleverness and bitterness in doing, with French skill and grace, the same sort of work which Mr. Greeley and Mr. Pomeroy do, clownishly, with brutality and vulgarity, and, *mutatis mutandis*, with the same sort of popularity in a lower degree. Mr. Rochefort is even at a disadvantage in this—that he has labored to get a cheaply-won reputation for "boldness" by venomously attacking one whose station prevented his taking any notice of the persistent insults, all the time carefully and adroitly avoiding any actual exposure that should not really contribute to his notoriety and consequent success. He is undoubtedly entitled to that sort of admiration which with us is awarded to General Butler. *La Lanterne* at once created such a *furor* as has never been paralleled in journalism, and in the course of a few weeks made its young editor both famous and wealthy. At the same time it did more harm to the cause it affected to advocate than any effort of Imperial hostility could have done. It has convinced the greater part of the world—we should think, even moderate liberals themselves—of the entire unfitness of Frenchmen to be entrusted with freedom of speech; of the futility of hoping to treat them as honest opponents, as men rather than children. It has given the government precisely the justification it wanted for its censorship of the press, and enabled it to assert that any relaxation of restrictions is forbidden by the certainty of its abuse. Despite all the vilification it has undergone, Imperialism, we think, has on the whole been decidedly benefited by the episode. And of M. Rochefort, in his capacity of reviler, we might hope that we have heard the last, were it not that his election to the Corps Législatif is said to be by no means improbable.

A NEW evasion of the restrictions on free speech has been devised by the French Opposition. A law prohibits any elector who is not a candidate for election from speaking out of his own district. Accordingly, some 3,000 Liberal orators have declared themselves candidates and gone through the prescribed preliminary formalities.

M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES, whose recent death at the age of eighty is announced by *Galignani*, was eminent as the

founder of the new science of archæology. He was the first to call the attention of the learned world to those remarkable relics of the earliest ages, the flint implements used by man before the discovery of metals. "At first ridiculed as a visionary," says the journal just named, "then by slow degrees listened to with increasing interest, he at length succeeded in proving to archæologists that there had been in Europe an age of stone; nay, he went further, and conquered the incredulity of geologists by producing the first human jaw ever found in the undisturbed Alpine drift, showing thereby that man had been coeval with the extinct races of large carnivora that peopled Europe before the commencement of the present geological period. His valuable collection of flint implements now forms an important part of the Gallo-Roman Museum at St. Germain."

THE heat seems to have been quite as intense in England as here, and the papers report a number of phenomena which were observed during its height. Not only tropical sea plants but sharks appeared near the Isle of Wight, and myriads of mosquitoes actually invaded the shores of England. At Greenwich and Woolwich these troublesome visitors arrived as deadheads in the rigging of the transports which had come from Bermuda and other military stations. They are represented as having found the fair matrons and maidens of Albion far more to their taste than the late lamented Hawthorne, for even their hose and dresses seem to have afforded them no protection against the caresses of these tiny epicures. In Wales a gentleman was bitten by an adder, of which he died—a thing never known to have occurred in the hottest summers. The drought gave rise to an unusual number of fires. On one occasion in London alone twenty fires were raging within a single day.

FRANCE and Sweden have resolved to emulate the Germans in north polar exploration, and each of these countries contemplates to dispute the laurels of discovery with Petermann's party. *Le Monteur* states that the funds collected by M. Lambert for the contemplated French expedition are already sufficient for defraying the estimated cost of it, though the subscriptions in the departments have not yet been closed. The Swedish steamer *Sophia*, commanded by Captain von Otter, intended for the northern waters, left Gottenburg last month.

DR. PETERMANN'S expedition, meanwhile, so far as can be judged by the meagre cable despatches, seems to be unfortunate. His plan was to follow up the coast of Greenland from latitude 75° to 80°, reaching the latter point by July 1; but if this could not be done by the date named, to return to the island of Gillisland (east of Spitzbergen, in 74°) and explore it. On June 20 the yacht, the *Germania*, was seen in 75° 20', steaming north, with clear water; but the cable announces that on June 23 she was only in 74° 30', and a note, dated June 16, has been received from her officers, which said that she had been fast in the ice, and had been "driven down here from 76° N." So her progress seems to be like that of Penelope's web.

THE speedy completion of the Suez Canal has once more revived the project of a railroad through the valley of the Euphrates. *The London Daily News* enlarges on the advantages which would result from it, and points out that such a route is shorter, healthier, and easier than by Suez and the Red Sea. The scorching heat along the end of the transit is greatly dreaded by travellers; on the other hand, the Euphrates road passes through the healthiest re-

gions, beside shortening the journey to India by a whole week. The only, and at the same time the most formidable, drawback which *The News* can see to the construction of such a railway consists in the critical state of affairs in Turkey. France might look with more favor on this enterprise than England did on the M. de Lesseps canal. The Porte might guarantee the interest on the capital invested, but who shall guarantee the guaranteeing power? Even the Western governments might well hesitate to assume the responsibility of insuring the neutrality of a line which passes through the remote regions of a decaying state.

THE *Weser Zeitung* publishes a letter from the Bremen traveller, Rohlf, who says that Zulla, on the coast of the Red Sea, is not entirely to be abandoned by the English, for orders have been issued to leave there two regiments of Sepoys, some pioneers, and a battery. "It is really very desirable," he continues, "that England should for some time longer continue to exercise a certain influence over Abyssinia. The people would certainly desire nothing better than a permanent occupation of their country by a power whose prestige they have just learned to appreciate. The English statesmen are, of course, aware that this would not pay, but to hold a port like Zulla is a different thing. Not only would it tend to pacify and tranquilize the interior, but an important commercial place might there grow up in the near future. Though Abyssinia is a poor land, there are very rich countries around here, and Zulla herself is without doubt the largest and best port on the African coast of the Red Sea."

IF our abolition friends flatter themselves that the African slave-trade is extinct, they are very much deceived. A recently issued English blue-book shows that her Majesty's *Wasp*, *Highflyer*, *Lyra*, and *Penguin*, stationed off the coast of East Africa, have captured in 1867 no less than eighteen slavers, with negroes on board. On the west coast, also, the *Speedwell* took a brig laden with 96 blacks. *The Spectator* also alludes to a horrible account in *The Natal Mercury* of the slave-trade carried on by the Boers of the Transvaal Republic. The Boers make expeditions against the native tribes, kill the adults, and carry off the children into slavery. The Rev. Mr. Ludorf, an old Dutch minister, stated in a public meeting of the Boers that on one occasion, near Zoutspanberg, a "number of native children, too young to be removed, were covered with long grass and burnt alive," and no one contradicted him. The British government is determined to protect the Basutos against these raids, and the Boers have sent envoys to Europe to protest against its conduct, and procure aid for the republic.

THE Luther demonstration at Worms, Germany, appears to have excited the ire of *The Superfine Review*, as the lamented author of *Vanity Fair* used to call the organ of the university blades. It attacks Luther in person and doctrine with a bitterness which no ultramontane organ could surpass. The immediate provocation seems to have been the lively interest which Queen Victoria has expressed in the celebration. Protestant England, says *The Saturday Review*, has no more to do with the Worms affair than Orthodox Russia or Catholic France. The festival may have been a national, but it certainly was not a religious, one. "The Germans are not celebrating the triumph of Lutheran doctrines, which they have long since rejected; and the triumph achieved by Luther himself was that of a narrow and intolerant theological system, not of religious liberty." The article might have come from an Anglican clerical pen.

How disgustingly offensive and stupid that can be, what egregious libels upon Christianity it can indite, is illustrated by a review in the last *John Bull*—the headquarters of Anglicanism—of the *Tribute from the Nations to Abraham Lincoln*. Here is its conclusion:

"In our opinion the Americans offered the most fitting sacrifice to the *manes* of the man whose Presidential election caused a great civil war, and cost a million of his countrymen's lives, in the judicial murder of the unfortunate Mrs. Surratt. Her memory is regarded by us as far more sacred than that of the rail-splitting Achilles at whose tomb she was immolated."

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has become the editor-in-chief of *The London Scotsman*—a weekly journal which, though only in its second year, ought to need no introduction to our Scottish fellow-citizens; while to readers of whatever nationality the diversity and cleverness of its articles, and the good taste and scholarship that appear throughout its columns, must commend it as among the most readable of high-class journals. It is announced that, "in addition to the essential qualities of a political journal, treating all the leading questions of the day, *The London Scotsman* will contain essays, tales, poems, and social sketches of life and manners, by the most eminent authors in Europe and America; that it will give attention to banking and finance, to the closely related questions pertaining to life insurance, and to the volunteer movement. Correspondence, special and regular, is promised from every part of the world where Scotsmen are to be found and Scottish feelings are cherished, and the proceedings of the Burns clubs in Canada and the United States are to be regularly chronicled. The sports of the Highlands and the Lowlands, of the moor, the loch, the river, and the rink, are to be a prominent feature, and in all respects *The London Scotsman* is to be a family journal and miscellany, in which Scotsmen and Scotswomen, and the descendants of Scotsmen at home and in every part of the world, may find amusement and instruction." A more able, experienced, and for many reasons peculiarly well qualified director than Dr. Mackay it would be difficult to find in or out of the three kingdoms, and under his auspices *The London Scotsman* should prove a substantial success. The subscription price is thirteen shillings, sterling, per annum, in advance, for which the paper will be sent, *post-free*, to any part of the United States or Canada.

MISS MENKEN'S volume of poems must receive posthumous publication, unless her death prevents their appearance at all. Their announcement, which appeared before her death, but has just reached us, after stating that the title is *Infelicia*, and that they would be issued simultaneously in London, Paris, and New York, says: "The poems are somewhat of a religious cast, and will most probably surprise readers who have made up their minds for compositions of quite another character. The book itself, dedicated to Charles Dickens, is one of the daintiest little volumes which have issued from the press for many years, and the quaint illustrations at the commencement of each poem will excite no small attention."

PROF. MAX MULLER contradicts the report that he purposes making a lecturing tour in this country.

MR. W. HEPPWORTH DIXON, it is announced in the programme of the meeting of the British Association, is to read a paper on *The Great Prairies*—of North America, that is—before the geographical section of the Association.

ALMOST MIRACULOUS.—We seldom indorse a man in our editorial columns—never, unless convinced that he is deserving, and to speak well of him will result in benefit to the public. It is with this idea that we call attention to the advertisement of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 697 Broadway, New York, who is performing cures for Hernia, or Rupture, but little less than miraculous, and never before, to our knowledge, attempted or accomplished by any other surgeon. We have with our own eyes seen his cures—are acquainted with men he has brought to health from a living death, and do earnestly advise all who are afflicted to consult with or call upon him. A more meritorious physician does not live. The communication in this week's *Democrat* was handed in to us by Geo. Hodges, a man whose life was saved and health restored by Dr. Sherman, as he gave abundant proof, and to it we call attention, knowing those afflicted will thank us if they seek relief and comfort.—*New York Democrat*.

A full and interesting statement of the case of Mr. Hodges referred to here will be found in the first column of the last page of to-day's *Round Table*.

Our next President.—The Phrenological Journal for September contains all the Presidential Candidates—GRANT, COLFAX, SEYMOUR, and BLAIR, with Portraits and Sketches of Character. Also, Hon. Anson Burlingame; Franz Liszt, the composer; Arminius Vambéry, the Oriental Traveller; H. Littlefield, artist. Who are the Yankees? Use Legs and have Legs; A Key Thought; the Development Theory; Finding a Situation; A Perfect Church on Earth—Is it possible? Only 30 cents, or \$3 a year. \$1 30 for a half year. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

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Vol. 8. THE ROUND TABLE. Vol. 8.

From *The Tribune*, New York, June 25, 1868.

"We want a good weekly paper, whose essays shall be well considered, yet short and entertaining; which shall combine the careful and judicial character of the review with the sprightliness of the daily journal; which shall discuss fearlessly the problems of politics, and touch with graceful pen the current topics of literature, art, science, and society—a paper, in fine, like *THE LONDON SPECTATOR*, only a trifle more lively, or like *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, but with more variety and less cynicism. . . . A good, high-toned, literary paper such as we have described we have never had yet. There have been several attempts to found such a publication, but they seem not to have been made by the right persons or made in the right way, and the result has always been failure. This paper is lumberous, that is flippant; one is too redolent of musty libraries, another is scented with the fumes of the beer-cellar. Here you have a periodical as wise as Solon, as ponderous as *Dr. Dryasdust*, as solemn as the owls of *Minerva*; and here another, which the callow brains of undergraduates have filled with screeds about nothing and trivial compositions on metaphysics and astronomy. It is not with such reading as this that thinking men want to occupy their hours of leisure. The literary journal which is to reach the best classes of American society must be thoughtful, earnest, vivacious, and elegant. Who will give it us?"

From *The New York Leader*, June 27, 1868.

"The *Tribune* says there is great need for a good literary weekly journal. *The Round Table* was just such a 'good journal' until it had the clever criticism on H. G. which a few weeks ago we copied."

Extract from the Proceedings of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, May 18, 1868.

"... Mr. B. Mallon said that there had been some talk with reference to *The Round Table*, a literary paper published in New York, and some of the members were desirous of having it introduced in the city, and especially among the members of the Society. It was equal to any of the best London publications, and should have a widely extended influence.

"Mr. Lancaster spoke in favor of the journal, as did also Dr. Charters. Mr. Mallon offered the following resolution, which met with general approbation:

"Resolved, That we commend to the attention of the members of the Historical Society, and to our citizens generally, *The Round Table*, a weekly paper of a very high literary character, eminently deserving a place in every cultivated family in our city."

Extract from a letter of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, dated October 26, 1867.

"I value *The Round Table* very highly indeed. It equals *The London Spectator* and excels *The London Saturday Review*. If persevered in, it will create and command its own public, in a short time—a public composed of our most intelligent classes—of those to whom the purely, or rather impurely, party newspapers are a nuisance."

Extract from Mr. Fred. S. Cozens's preface to *Father Tom and the Pope*, second edition, p. xii.

"*The Round Table*, . . . a review that has blood and marrow in it, for it does not hesitate to speak right out in a straightforward, manly way, and say 'That is wrong,' when it has reason to say so."

From *The Anglo-American Times*, London.

"It comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies."

From *The Richmond Enquirer*.

"This paper combines all the piquancy and variety of the best weeklies with the dignity and learning which belongs to a quarterly review. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the best literary paper, in all senses, published in the whole of the United States."

From *Trübner's Literary Record*, London.

"*The New York Round Table* is the best literary paper published in the United States. It is independent, outspoken, free from anything like favoritism, and we believe totally inaccessible to corrupt influences."

From *The Imperial Review*, London.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

CHINESE CIVILIZATION.

THE mission of Mr. Anson Burlingame—"Minister very extraordinary to the courts everywhere," as an English journal facetiously calls him—and their Excellencies Chih Taji and Sun Taji have made an auspicious beginning in the treaty just negotiated with the United States, which formally recognizes the pretensions of the Celestials to a place among the great powers, and therefore entitled under the law of nations to all the rights and immunities of a civilized people. An embassy so unique of its kind is in itself the strongest proof of an entire abandonment of China's traditional exclusiveness and the herald of a new era in the destinies of the Empire of the Centre. Excepting the missions of the Polos in the thirteenth century by the Tartar Emperor Kubla Khan, and those under the Emperors Yung Lo and Suen Tih, which went no further than Arabia Felix, China had never before been represented abroad. The Polos and some Jesuit priests were hitherto the only foreigners whom her rulers had employed in their diplomatic dealings with the outside world. The turning point in the Chinese policy may be said to date from the close of the last decade, when the envoys of the Western powers first succeeded in establishing personal communication with the leaders of public affairs in the empire. This nearer acquaintance speedily led to so great a modification concerning the abilities and designs of the Chinese statesmen that the result was a radical change in the system formerly pursued by the foreign governments, and the substitution of an equitable policy for a policy of brute force. In consequence of these altered views the contracting parties agreed never to menace the territorial integrity of China, and to suffer her civilization to take a natural course. Under the auspices of this diplomatic reform—whose author was the late lamented Sir Frederick Bruce—the foreign trade of the empire soon increased from 82 millions to 300 millions per annum; the number of steamships rapidly multiplied; arsenals and light-houses were erected; hundreds of strangers entered the civil service; Wheaton's *Law of Nations* was translated and became a text-book; and a university was founded at Peking for the study of the modern languages and sciences, where now every three years eleven thousand natives are said to pass their examination.

Well may Mr. Burlingame therefore tell us that "the tale of the *Arabian Nights* is not more marvellous than the advent of the Chinese nation among the nations of the earth, asking to leave her political isolation and to participate in the great movements of the time." Until lately, almost down to the present day, this strange people, which numbers three hundred millions of souls, has borne the reputation of being a striking example of what Bunsen designated "a mummified intelligence," and their sudden arrest at a certain stage of culture was regarded as another evidence of the incapacity of the Mongolian race to attain any higher degree of development than that primitive materialistic civilization which marks in the history of mankind the period when the superior races first appeared on the scene. And there was, no doubt, much to justify this unfavorable opinion. Thus far all the fruits of that older civilization seemed barren and unfinished. The Chinese had, it is true, made a number of important discoveries. They had found out the properties of the magnet some two thousand four hundred years ago, while the Europeans only became acquainted with them through Guyot de Provins in 1190, and even then considerable time elapsed before this knowledge became general. Fully a hundred years before Christ the Chinese had used gunpowder for their fire-works, though they seem not to have employed it in warfare until the thirteenth century. Paper is said to have been invented by them ninety-five years after the birth of our Saviour, and the art of printing books some nine hundred years later. All at once this wonderful mental activity ceased. Though a sort of printed language had been

discovered, they never advanced beyond picture-writing and hieroglyphics; their art knew neither perspective nor ideality; their science made no progress; their religion begot no enthusiasm or fervor; their literature gained no warmth and their government no strength. All they appear to have done after reaching this point of development bears the same stamp of crudeness. Inventions discovered centuries before the Western people had dreamt of them remained apparently in their original imperfection. Until European intercourse enlightened the Chinese their magnet was a toy, their ships gaudily painted tubs, their sculptures grotesque monstrosities, their architecture puerile, and their pictures caricatures. The printing of the Chinese was done by means of wooden blocks; their language was an ossified fragment of primitive periods, without flexibility, monosyllabic and harsh. Features devoid of expression, a vacant smile, a mental lethargy, a weakly sensuality, and an inordinate voracity characterized this race, the sole surviving type of the first and highest civilization. And the general contempt felt for them was still further augmented by the pitiful spectacle they presented when a handful of English and French forced them to deviate from their immemorial traditions and customs, and to permit the "red-haired barbarians" to invade their isolation. Dr. Knox relates that the Chinese fancied the big kettle-drum of the Eighteenth Irish an especially dangerous engine of destruction, and concentrated their whole attention upon it. They also lighted a fire in an iron tube to frighten their enemies with a great smoke, and put on the most hideous masks to be taken for monsters. To cap the climax of these childish absurdities, they suspended large paper lanterns from their guns the better to see their foes, and thus made themselves excellent targets for the European bullets.

Such was the opinion which obtained abroad about the Chinese even for a considerable period after the West had become more intimately acquainted with the Empire of the Centre and its peculiar culture. Later and more diligent investigations have, however, shown that many of these supposed facts were as incorrect as the inferences so hastily drawn from them. It was discovered that the difference between our western civilization and the civilization of China is in reality far smaller than we had assumed, and consisted mainly in this, that the West had stagnated earlier than the East. We had our middle, or dark, ages three and a half centuries ago, while the Chinese have only just passed through their own. By comparing the intellectual lethargy of the Europe of those days with the intellectual lethargy of China, it will be seen that our political and social condition was quite as barbarous as that of this despised race, and our science just as unprogressive. If the Chinese have subsisted for centuries on the mental products handed down to them from an earlier and more vigorous period, the Europeans during the entire middle ages no less subsisted on the intellectual wealth bequeathed to them by the Greeks. Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Pliny were our authorities, and few traces of independent thought relieved the long darkness. When the Chinese, therefore, are reproached with having remained stationary for hundreds of years, the same remark applies to the Western nations, who made during more than a thousand no perceptible progress in civilization. And the *tu quoque* might in this case be carried still further. As the Chinese have lately received a new impulse from the West, so the West herself only revived under the influence which the Greek emigration exerted on her after the fall of Constantinople by the restoration of classic learning and art; and it is well known how powerfully the discovery of America, which opened new channels of international intercourse, reacted on the Old World. That China did not feel the effects of the great movement which stimulated the energies of the West in the past is due to her remoteness, to her peculiar civilization, to her protracted isolation, which fed an inherent self-conceit. This long unshaken faith of the Chinese in the superiority of their institutions and knowledge has now commenced to give way in consequence of their contact with other nations, and who shall say that the Mongolians may not prove themselves hereafter as apt pupils as the Hindoos and Parsees? If we are to believe Mr. Burlingame, they perceive very clearly

the advantages of benefiting by example and readily accept what is new and strange.

Nor is the charge of materialism well founded. China, as those who have studied her past history most closely now attest, never ceased to display a certain intellectual activity. During the alleged period of her stagnation the ancient writers have been carefully collected and compared, critical texts and commentaries have been edited. Neither poetry nor philosophy were entirely neglected. In addition to the moral philosophy of Keng-tse—Confucius—their greatest thinker, the Chinese possess a variety of philosophical systems differing from each other just like those of India and the West. Learning and letters never lost the popular esteem. The scholar took the place of the priest, and especially when well-grounded in antiquities and canonical lore. The Chinese language may seem deficient in taste to the European on account of its structure, but in the eyes of the philologist it possesses a high power of adaptation, and is capable of expressing even abstract ideas with much precision. The allegation that it cannot be developed is refuted by a comparison between the idiom found in the old books which are written in the Ku-wen, or old style, and those written in Kuan-hoa, or the new style—used in ordinary conversation—when a very important difference will at once become apparent. The old language employed particles only rarely in expressing the grammatical relations, while in the new they are no more wanting than prepositions or auxiliary verbs in the modern tongues. In the colloquial Chinese the cases, tenses, and moods are expressed as well, only more simply, than in English or French. In fact, some of the modern languages have assimilated the Chinese; for example, the English, in rejecting the flexions. The force of the modern languages lies less in the form than in the construction of the sentences, and this is exactly the same with the Chinese, whose grammar is merely a highly developed syntax. It is able to express new ideas, for it has not only a large number of compound words, but the capacity to make others.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

THE origin of universities may be said to date from those voluntary associations which lovers of learning formed round certain famous scholars for the sake of instruction, though they were not yet universities in our sense of that term. The earliest of these associations was that of Salerno. In the twelfth century arose that of Bologna, which was in the succeeding century transferred to Padua. The first regularly established and endowed university was founded at Naples, in 1224. All these institutions were, however, only designed for the study of the Roman, or Canon law, which was not sought for itself alone, but for its practical usefulness. Italy at that time ruled the whole world by her jurisprudence, and all other nations were tributary to her. By the side of Roman jurisprudence—as Dante already complained—no other studies could prosper. The laity cared nothing for theology, philosophy, or science—only the ecclesiastical orders cultivated those branches of knowledge. Bologna had 20,000 students, among whom were a thousand of a ripe age. On the other side of the Alps the case was different. In the thirteenth century the Paris University rose into notice, first as *studium generale*, then as *universitas*, and it grew gradually to be the most renowned of all other learned corporations. Theology and philosophy there soon took the lead. Theology used to be studied from 12 to 16 years, and every theologian deemed it indispensable to have attended the Paris university for at least one year. Nearly half the city was turned into schools, for the university had then no separate building of her own. Students and professors lived in groups together. At one time Paris contained 30,000 students. Of the other schools in France none could rival that of the capital, and they never rose to any importance. But even the schools of Paris did not yet realize our modern ideas of a university. During the middle ages that institution possessed no thorough legal nor adequate medical faculty. In Germany the wish to become independent of Italy by the establishment of high schools did not present itself for two hundred years. England was less indifferent upon the subject. Already in the thirteenth cent-

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Extract from Mr. Fred. S. Cozens's preface to *Father Tom and the Pope*, second edition, p. xii.

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